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SIXPENCE.



THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: CAPTIVE FOLLOWERS OF THE PRETENDER AWAITING EXECUTION.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The Moorish Pretender, who has been driven from his stronghold by the Sultan's troops, is said to have escaped; but he has lost all prestige. The heads of twenty of his followers have been nailed to the city gate of Fez.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Lord Rosebery's suggestion that Lord Kitchener ought to be Secretary for War has sadly flustered the pedants. The first thing your pedant does with a new idea is to misunderstand it. I read, for example, that Lord Rosebery echoes "the parrot-cry, 'Put a soldier at the War Office.'" He does no such thing. He points to a particular soldier, and says, "This is the man who ought to be at the War Office," not because Lord Kitchener is a soldier, but because he is manifestly the most efficient man for the job. If we had any available civilian who had shown the peculiar qualities for organisation that distinguish Lord Kitchener, then Lord Rosebery would have singled out that civilian to cope with the emergency. Efficiency simply means the choice of the best. The best man at the War Office would not have sent to "the front" a chaotic mass of troops without proper transport, leaving chance to organise it into an army. The best man at the War Office, now the war has been over nearly six months, would not be finding excuses for withholding from starving Reservists their arrears of pay. These are the things that disquiet the public mind, which does not heed the solemn twaddle about "Whig principles of civilian control over the armed forces of the nation," and the dread of subverting "the very foundations of our system of party and Parliamentary government."

Those principles and foundations are in no sort of danger. It is waste of time to tell us, as the *Spectator* does, that a soldier at the War Office would be "immersed in technical knowledge," and would not keep "an open mind," though it seems that he would be likely to "fill his mind with policy rather than devote himself to technical efficiency." The *Spectator's* bogies have a habit of knocking one another down. If the soldier Secretary for War did not possess "an open mind," how could he fill it with policy, and become "bent upon showing himself a statesman"? Our breathless grandmamma of the Press has visions of "party Generals eagerly waiting their chance of getting into the Cabinet." Why not picture a British Boulanger prancing down Parliament Street on a black charger, with all the civilians abjectly bowing before him? It would be more to the purpose if grandmamma would recall her painful lapse of judgment in the late war. Just when Lord Kitchener was perfecting the plans which broke down the Boer resistance, the *Spectator* thought fit to demand that he should be superseded by Lord Roberts. Scarcely less unhappy is the assertion now that a soldier's "absorption in the instant needs of the campaign, if he has seen much service, tends to disqualify him for statesmanship." That is not the verdict of the world upon Lord Kitchener's diplomacy. Moreover, the point at issue is not whether soldiers in general are qualified to be statesmen, but whether Lord Kitchener is qualified to mend the War Office; and that point the one journal which wanted him to be superseded in the field is not conspicuously competent to decide.

But the *Spectator* can hurl grandmotherly bombast at people who are supposed to be casting principles to the winds, and subverting the foundations of civic order. "We believe it to be a sound instinct in the British people to avoid even the appearance of any risk of militarism." If Lord Kitchener were allowed to make the War Office efficient, his mind would be filled with Cromwellian ideas, and he might not pause in his sinister advancement until he had parcelled out England in military districts, each of them under the jackboot of a Major-General. This is one of the risks of "militarism"; but I do not see the British people taking it gravely. If a statesman formed a Cabinet in which Lord Kitchener was appointed to the office of Secretary for War, expressly for the purpose of making the War Office something better than a byword of stupidity; and if this were part of a general policy of efficiency in all the public Departments, the sound instinct of the British people would throw pedantry to grandmamma, and welcome such a prospect of robust and rational administration. This would be a reforming Ministry which Lord Kitchener might enter without calling himself by any party name; and so far from infecting Parliamentary government with the spirit of "militarism," which has about as much chance of spreading in this country as Mormonism, he would establish a model of organisation for which his civilian successors would for ever bless his name.

The Foreign Office, struggling with a new idea, has thrown it out of the window. Boers volunteered for service in Somaliland. With a little imagination, the Foreign Office would have seen that, whether they were needed or not, it was good policy to send them. Here was an opportunity to make a real bond between Boer and Briton; such an opportunity as the Kaiser, who is a man of imagination, would have promptly seized. Perhaps he has hinted as much already in conversation at Sandringham. I can fancy him saying, "You were justly pleased when your great Colonies sent their men to fight for the flag in South Africa. That war is over, and the first thing you do is to flout your new colonists, who offer to help you in another part of the world, and show their zeal for their new Imperial citizenship. The affair in Somaliland is

comparatively slight, no doubt; but what a chance you have missed of making the Boer volunteers feel that they are sons of the Empire, like the Canadians and Australians!" What a chance indeed! But to the Foreign Office I daresay the Boer offer smacked of impertinence.

The Head Master of St. Paul's School does not like the theatre. The British juryman does not like dramatic criticism. Dr. Walker protested against the licensing of a new theatre at Hammersmith. This dreadful playhouse, he said, would demoralise his pupils. Many parents would withdraw their boys from St. Paul's to save the youngsters from the temptation to turn actors. The British juryman has decided that the dramatic critic who condemns a play assails the rights of property. According to this theory, Dr. Walker must be a still greater offender, for he strove to suppress a theatre. But he argues that the prosperity of his school is threatened by Mr. Mulholland, who has obtained a license. Now, if these two gentlemen would enrich the sports and pastimes of their country by bringing actions against each other, the British juryman would be in a beautiful dilemma. His guiding principle is that any opinion which injures property must pay damages. Criticism has been mulcted for this exquisite reason; then why not mulct the head master who warns the public against Mr. Mulholland's enterprise, and also the theatrical manager who may snare the cherubs of St. Paul's?

There is something more in this case than the mere propinquity of a theatre to a school. The British juryman must consider not only that the Paulines, passing the theatre doors every day, will examine the playbills and the alluring photographs, but also that they will see the theatrical posters on the hoardings and even on the omnibuses. Advertisements of every theatre greet them at every turn; therefore it will be necessary to mulct all the London managers for contributory negligence. On the other hand, the odium thrown upon Mr. Mulholland must be shared by his brother managers, who will enter suits against Dr. Walker accordingly. I foresee an extensive litigation in which the British juryman will thoroughly enjoy himself. For, of course, he will award handsome damages all round as a vindication of property, and as a moral lesson to critics. "Blame, blame, always blame," said the gentleman in the play who was constantly exposed to criticism; "but praise! Oh dear no! Much may be done by kindness." If Dr. Walker had tried gentle persuasion with Mr. Mulholland instead of upbraiding him before a licensing tribunal, they might have come to a compromise. Dr. Walker might have publicly extolled Mr. Mulholland's motives, and the manager might have put a notice outside the theatre: "Playgoers in short jackets not admitted." Such an arrangement would have been so reasonable that I wonder the British juryman has not pointed this out in a letter to the *Times*.

This week the Kaiser has seen Sir Henry Irving in "A Story of Waterloo." That stirring little piece must appeal to the Kaiser's martial instincts, though he may have suggested that there is too much in it about the "Dook" and not enough about Blücher. Sir Henry's Corporal Brewster is a splendid incarnation of the spirit that animates the British soldier; and I should not be surprised to hear that at the close of the performance the Kaiser was heard to remark: "I wish Von Bülow had seen this; it would have enlarged his mind." Next week Mr. Barrie's "Quality Street" is to be played at Windsor; and in that charming comedy there are also echoes of Waterloo. The choice of this play is doubtless judicious; but I should like to know what effect would be produced upon the Kaiser by "The Admirable Crichton," which is more characteristic of Mr. Barrie's genius. What would the august critic have said to the scene on the island, where Crichton, the butler, is king, and the British peer, reduced to abject humility, is content to play the concertina and sing "I'm a chick-a-chick-a-chick"!

It is rather an awful speculation, for I see a forbidding gloom stealing over the Kaiser's features, and hear him ask: "Is this Mr. Barrie a Social Democrat?" The peer's nephew actually proposes on the island to the kitchenmaid, a Cockney damsel who cooks for the party, and wins the Honourable Ernest's affection with her "light pastry." It is possible that a peer's nephew might come to that if he were cast away on a desert island, and had abandoned all hope of returning to Belgravia. The peer's eldest daughter, wearing a hunter's breeches, might win the heart of Crichton, the butler, by her prowess in chasing the wild goat. Let us be thankful that in the island where we are privileged to live such things cannot happen. "But is it right," I can hear the Kaiser say, "to spread such dangerous ideas among the common people?" It is true that in the last act the rescued peer and his family resume their places in civilised society, and the butler, assisted by the kitchenmaid, takes a public-house in the Harrow Road. But you cannot extinguish social mischief by such devices; and perhaps it is just as well that Mr. H. B. Irving, who is a truly admirable Crichton, has not been commanded to appear at Windsor.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LYRE AND LANCET," AT THE ROYALTY.

A weak ending goes some way towards spoiling the adaptation of Mr. Anstey's latest comic sketches, "Lyre and Lancelot," not as a play, for it is scarcely that, but, as what it is on the whole, an amusing entertainment. The humour, of course, of Mr. *Punch's* prime jester is no less acceptable on the Royalty stage than in its original form, while in the present instance Mr. Anstey has most ingeniously duplicated his favourite idea of plunging his hero into an unfamiliar milieu. The quandaries of his veterinary surgeon, who is mistaken for a fashionable poet, and of his poet, who is dismissed as a mere "vet," to the servants' hall, provide an admirable start for a mechanical farce of misunderstanding—a start which, with the aid of neat equivocation, satirical dialogue, and a host of stock types and quaint caricatures, is well maintained till Mr. Anstey, or perhaps his collaborator, Mr. Kinsey Peile, attempts over-elaboration. Then, towards the close of their story, a lack of dramatic grip becomes obvious, interpolated dances stop the action, and the climax is so long delayed and protracted as to lose half its drollery. Compression, however, will mend most of the "play's" faults; and thus modified, it should prove popular, despite its puzzling crowd of quite twenty superfluous characters. The more so as the two leading rôles—those of the conceited poet and the breezy "vet,"—could not be more happily realised or more piquantly contrasted than by their respective interpreters, Mr. Cosmo Stuart and Mr. George Giddens.

"AN ENGLISH DAISY," AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.

"An English Daisy," the musical comedy presented this week at Kennington, is the work of the librettist and composer of "Blue-Bell in Fairyland," and its heroine, like the titular character of that pretty play, is a flower-girl; but there all resemblance between the two productions in which Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Walter Slaughter have collaborated may be said to end. Their new entertainment—no youngsters' show—depends less on sentiment than on broad comicality, and describes the adventures not of a poor child dreaming of fairies, but of a wilful "runaway" miss masquerading in Ostend. There she meets a queer hotel-keeper, whose ward must be married in a lion's den, and an impecunious but resourceful American, who to make more money tries to secure a husband foolish enough to face the lions. A Kursaal scene affords opportunity for a display of fancy dresses; Mr. Slaughter has provided plenty of graceful melodies and dance-refrains; Miss Zena Dare sings sentimental ballads prettily, as the "English Daisy"; Mr. T. E. Murray, eccentric American comedian, gives the Yankee his own dry humour; and, with other popular features, Mr. Hicks's piece seems exactly calculated to amuse provincial audiences.

THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

It seems the fashion now to go late to the Covent Garden balls. At the last, which took place on Friday, Nov. 7, and was, as usual, officially timed to begin at eleven o'clock p.m., it was almost midnight before Mr. Dan Godfrey's band started proceedings, and yet not for some time afterwards did the customary crowd of handsomely dressed dancers and spectators fill the theatre. But in the end the *coup d'œil* was as brilliant as ever, and the attendance reached the full standard. Curiously enough, out of the many "fancy" costumes which won honours—and Mr. Clarkson's designs carried off all the first six prizes, except the fourth—only one, representing "The Firework Fiend," had reference to the Guy Fawkes Day just passed. The next ball is due on Nov. 21.

MUSIC.

The Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, Nov. 8, was conducted by Kapellmeister Emil Paur, in the absence of Mr. Wood. Herr Paur is a wonderful conductor, sympathetic and able to do practically what he likes with the orchestra. The Queen's Hall orchestra will be, happily, less hard-worked now the Promenade Concerts have come to an end, for on that afternoon they seemed a little tired, beginning as they did at three o'clock, and not ending until a quarter to six; and then having to play again in the last Promenade Concert of the season at eight o'clock. The Symphony Concert began with the Symphony No. 3 in A minor of Mendelssohn, generally known as the Scotch Symphony. In the Concerto in E for violin and orchestra of Bach, M. Ysaye played the solo part.

Miss Nora Dane gave a concert at the Steinway Hall at the end of October, when she sang in her beautiful, highly trained style "La Favorita" of Donizetti, "Mignon" of Ambroise Thomas, a song of Frances Allitsen, and "Morning Sunlight" of Meyer-Helmund. She was assisted in her concert by Signor Valentini, a robust baritone, and Signorina De Negrini, a most painstaking accompanist, who played very well two piano solos, one a Fantaisie Impromptue of Chopin and a Rondocapriccioso of Mendelssohn.

At Bridgewater House, on Friday afternoon, Nov. 7, the blind pianist, Signor Gennaro Fabozzi, gave a recital, assisted by M. Johannes Wolff, Madame Leila Denza, and Mr. A. Disraeli. Signor Fabozzi plays beautifully, his left-hand work being markedly good, and his phrasing and rhythm distinctive. He played the intricate Fantasia and Fugue of Bach arranged by Liszt, some selections of Chopin and Schumann, and among other selections a delightful andantino of his own, and an arrangement of the "Walkürenritt" of Wagner by Tausig.

A grand Ballad Concert was given at the Royal Victoria Hall under distinguished patronage on Thursday, Nov. 6, when a long and admirably arranged programme was carried out. Madame Belle Cole sang beautifully "An English Lullaby," by Walter Evans, and "Mighty Like a Rose," of Ethelbert Nevin; and in the first part, "The Lost Heart," of S. Graham. Mr. Copland sang very well "The sweetest flower that blows," of Hawley, and "The birds go north again," of Willeby.—M. I. H.

On the menu of the Lord Mayor's Banquet, Apollinaris and Johannis were the only mineral waters mentioned.

PARLIAMENT.

The progress of the Education Bill is to be stimulated by the process known in Parliamentary language as "closure by compartments." Mr. Balfour moved the necessary resolution, and was met by an Opposition amendment which declared that debate upon a measure of such importance ought not to be restricted. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman argued that the debates, so far from being obstructive, had actually caused the Bill to be materially amended, if not transformed. Mr. Balfour did not charge the Opposition with obstruction, but maintained that the Bill must be passed through the Commons within a reasonable time, and fixed the limit of this at Nov. 28. Mr. Chaplin opposed the Government, and Major Rasch asked for a modification of the closure proposal. The Opposition speakers declared that no time had been wasted, and that the Government were forcing through Parliament a measure the country did not want. Mr. Chamberlain said that on general principles the party in power always found their opponents more or less obstructive. He confessed that, when in Opposition, he had obstructed Bills. It was difficult, however, to define obstruction, and the case for the Government was that there were too many amendments. Mr. Balfour's resolution was carried by a majority of 132.

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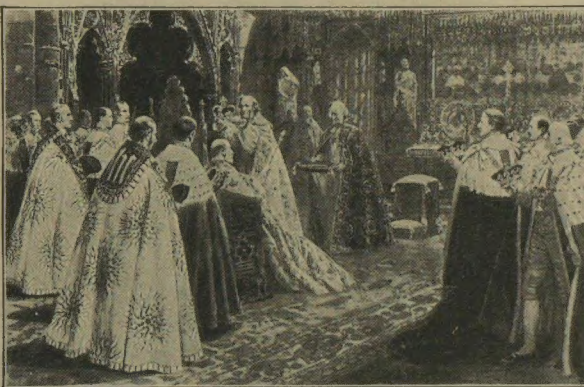
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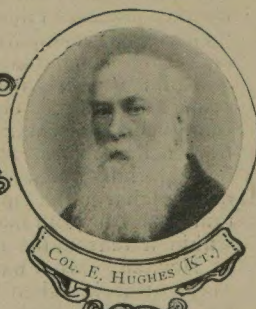
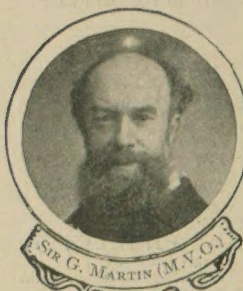


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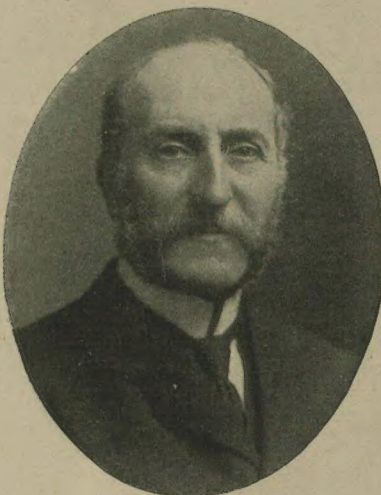


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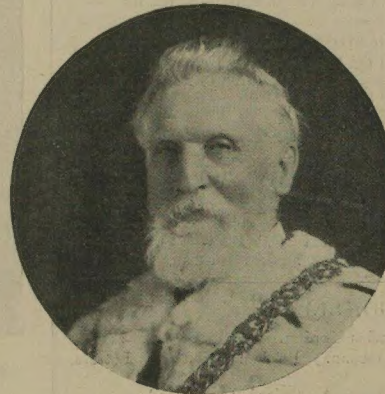


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Ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow (New Baronet).



Photo. Russell.
MR. HENRY HORHOUSE, M.P.,
Prominent Educationalist (New Privy Councillor).



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES MONTAGU-
DOUGLAS-SCOTT, K.C.B.
Commander-in-Chief, Devonport (New G.C.B.)



Photo. Russell.
SIR J. J. TREVOR LAWRENCE, BART.,
President Royal Horticultural Society (New K.C.V.O.)

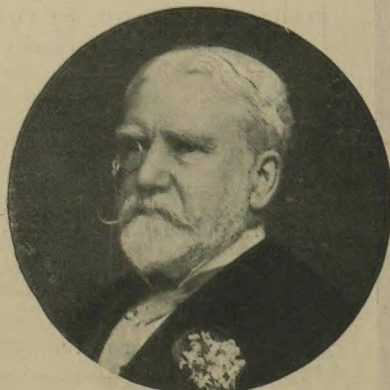


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL W. T. MAKINS,
Deputy-Chairman Great Eastern Railway
(New Baronet).

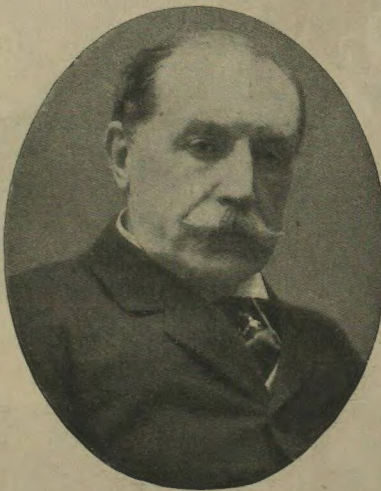


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LORD FARQUHAR, K.C.V.O.,
Master of the King's Household (New G.C.V.O.)



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. W. J. CRUMP,
Presented Mayors' Address to King on Oct. 25
(New Knight).



THE KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS: PROMINENT RECIPIENTS.

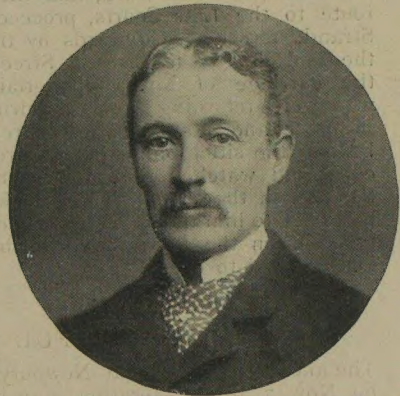
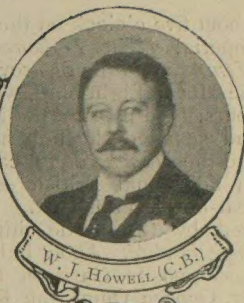


Photo. Russell.
MAJOR-GENERAL VISCOUNT DOWNE, C.B., C.I.E.
(New C.V.O.)

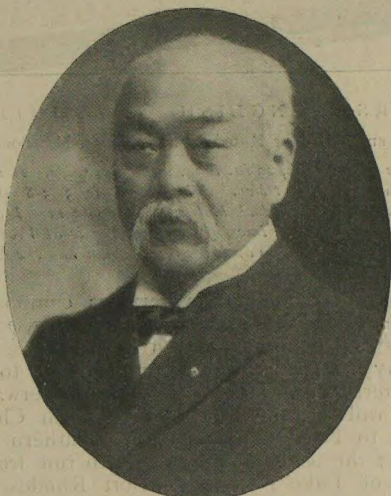


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
HIS EXCELLENCY COUNT MATSUGATA,
Formerly Prime Minister of Japan
(New Hon. G.C.M.G.)



Photo. Russell.
THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, P.C.,
Yachtsman (New C.M.G.)

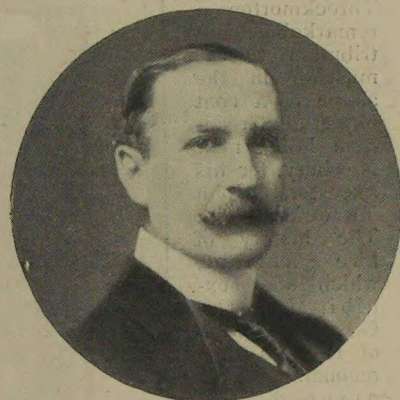


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. DONALD W. STEWART, C.M.G.,
Chief Commissioner of Ashanti (New K.C.M.G.)

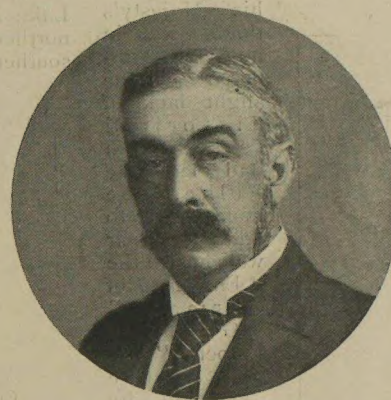


Photo. Russell.
MR. HENRY AUSTIN LEE, C.B.,
Secretary to Embassy at Paris (New K.C.M.G.)



Photo. Werner, Dublin.
MR. J. G. NUTTING,
Irish Railway Pioneer (New Baronet)



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT H. M. MOLYNEUX, K.C.B.,
Supt. Devonport Dockyard (New G.C.B.)

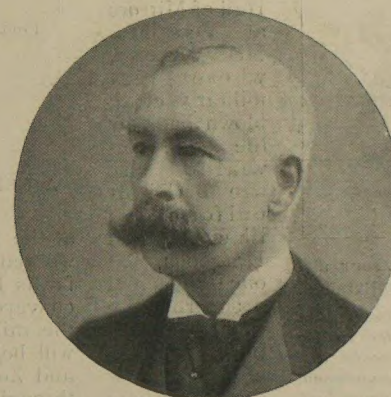


Photo. Russell.
MR. H. SETON-KARR, M.P.,
Represents St. Helens, Lancashire (New Knight)

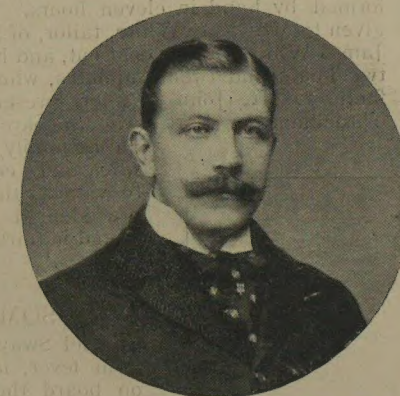


Photo. Russell.
BARON HERMANN VON ECKHARDTSTEIN, C.V.O.,
Councillor to the German Embassy
(New Honorary K.C.V.O.)

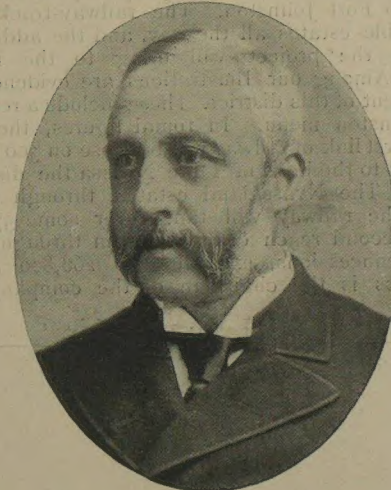


Photo. Fradelle and Young.
MR. AUGUSTUS PREVOST,
Governor of the Bank of England (New Baronet)

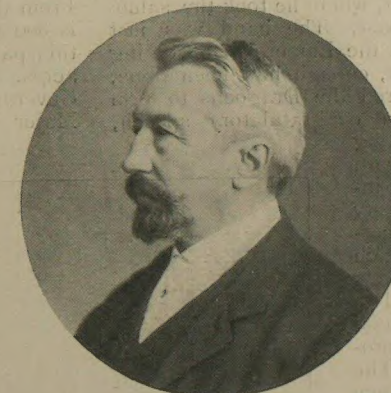
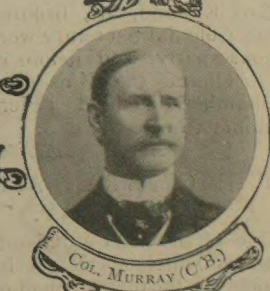
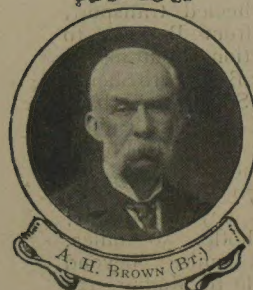


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. MAX L. WAECHTER,
High Sheriff of Surrey (New Knight)

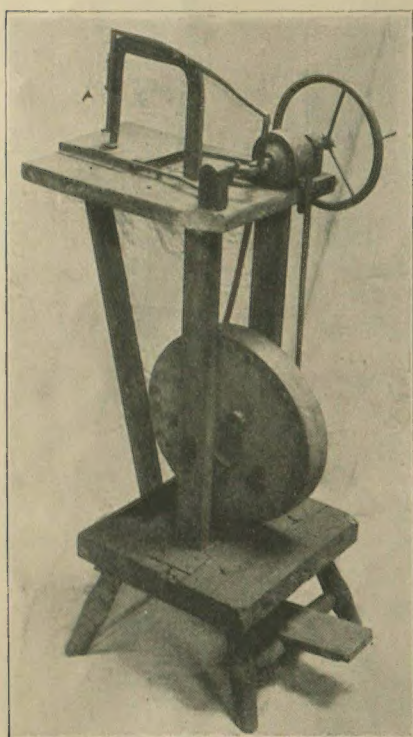


The corner photographs on this page are by Russell, and by Elliott and Fry.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KAISER'S VISIT.

About five o'clock on the morning of Nov. 8, the German imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, escorted by the cruiser *Nymphe* and the destroyer *Sleipner*, dropped anchor off the Mouse Light-ship, where she remained for nearly two hours. On passing the Nore, the guns of H.M.S. *Anson* had sounded the first note of welcome to William II., and the *Hohenzollern* came up the Thames estuary with an additional British escort, consisting of a torpedo-boat-destroyer flotilla. Salutes of twenty-one guns were fired by the battle-ship *Edinburgh* and the cruiser *Immortalité*. About half-past seven, the Kaiser's yacht was opposite Garrison Point, whence to Port Victoria Mr. George Quint, the King's senior pilot at Sheerness, took charge of the navigation. His Imperial Majesty witnessed from the promenade-deck the work of mooring his vessel. A few minutes after the *Hohenzollern* was made fast, the King's representatives, including Admiral Fullerton, went on board the yacht, and were soon afterwards followed by Admiral Markham, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, who, on his arrival in the Admiral's barge, was immediately invited by the Kaiser to come aboard. At twenty minutes past ten his Imperial Majesty, wearing a military uniform, disembarked without ceremony and took train to Shorncliffe. On his arrival there, his regiment, the 1st Royal Dragoons, was drawn up on Sir John Moore's Plain amid a pitiless storm of rain and wind. On the station platform, closely wrapped in their overcoats, were Earl Roberts, Generals Rundle, Kelly-Kenny, Clarke, Evelyn Wood, Ian Hamilton, and others. The Kaiser, who shook hands heartily with the Commander-in-Chief and Sir Evelyn Wood, was now approached by Lord Radnor, who presented an address from the people of Folkestone. A similar welcome was also extended by the Borough of Sandgate, and the cordiality of his Majesty's thanks was in no way tempered by the slight lack of historical sense which had led the Folkestone municipality to address their welcome to the "Emperor of Germany." "German Emperor" was the title assumed by the King of Prussia at the memorable gathering in 1871 in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. His Majesty, whose great military cloak blown back by the gale revealed the the brilliant uniform of the Royal Dragoons, at once mounted a superb white charger and proceeded to the review ground, where he shook hands with Major-General Frank Russell, the titular Colonel of the Royals, and with Lord Basing, the Colonel commanding.

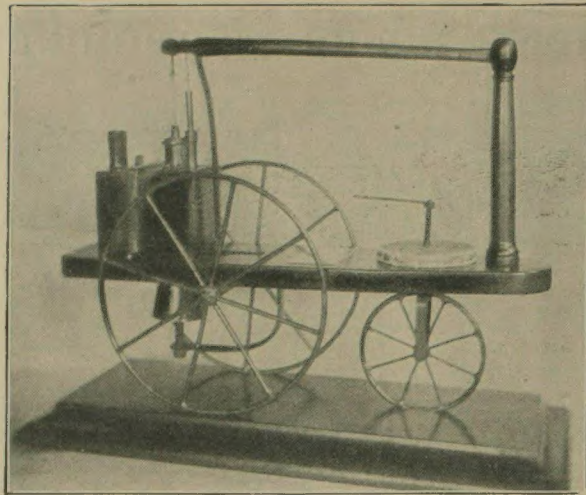


AN ENGLISH SEWING-MACHINE, MADE ABOUT 1842 BY CHARLES KITE, OF SNOWHILL, NEAR EVESHAM. On the table is a light flat spring fitted with a pulley, which seems to have been the tension arrangement. Unfortunately, both needle and shuttle are missing, and their form is unknown. The machine belonged to the late Mr. Lawson Tail, and was lent by him to South Kensington Museum.

After a hurried inspection of the lines, the Kaiser proceeded to the saluting-point, where he took the salute as the squadrons marched past. The band was just striking up for the trot when the Emperor, considering that, in the wretched weather, enough had been done, called a halt. He then ordered the Dragoons to form hollow square, and, after a congratulatory speech, called for three cheers for King Edward. Lord Basing replied with three cheers for the Colonel-in-Chief, and his Imperial Majesty then proceeded to distribute decorations to the senior officer of each rank. Thereafter his Majesty lunched with the officers, and in an hour's time he was in the special train for Sandringham, which proceeded by way of London. The strictest precautions and privacy were observed all along the route. On Sunday King Edward and William II. attended Divine service in Sandringham Church. Earl Roberts, Mr. Brodrick, and the Colonial Secretary were of the house-party, and before entering the church the Kaiser and Mr. Chamberlain held a long and animated conversation.

THE CENTRAL AFRICAN RAILWAY.

One of the most promising enterprises which have yet been set afoot for the development of Africa is that which proposes to utilise



THE FIRST ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVE.

CONSTRUCTED IN 1784 AT REDRUTH BY WILLIAM MURDOCK.

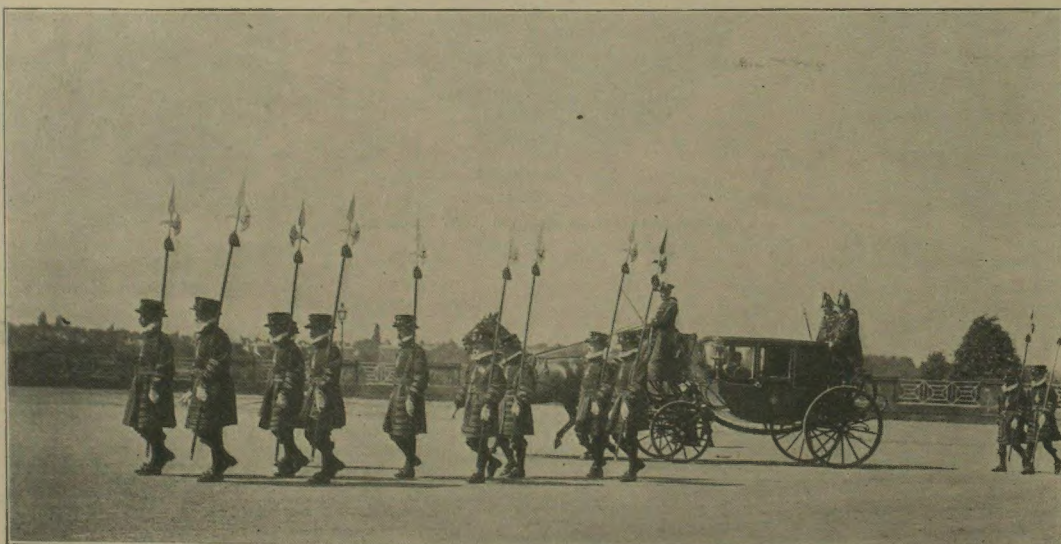
The locomotive is 14 in. high, 19 in. long, and 7 in. wide. It is steered by a wheel attached to a tiller. The boiler is 3-8 in. high. One evening, when young Murdoch had set his little model careering down a dark country lane, it almost frightened the local Vicar out of his wits. The worthy gentleman declared that he had met the Evil One.

for traffic the great chain of waterways composed by the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers and Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. The company known as the Shiré Highlands Railway Nyassaland, Limited, intend to open up the vast territory adjacent to these waterways by two links of railway, the first running from Chiromo, on the Shiré, to Fort Johnston, at the southern end of Lake Nyassa; the second link of line to run from the northern end of Lake Nyassa to Port Rhodes at the southern extremity of Lake Tanganyika. From Chinde,

1900	S. Z. T. C.	1900
FORT JOHNSTON.		
MENU.		
SOUP.		
Macaroni.		
FISH.		
Nsomba Atenta. Dressed Salmon.		
ENTREES.		
Cutlets and Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Steak and Kidneys.		
GAME.		
Roast Duck and Apple Sauce.		
JOINTS.		
Matandike wa Nkosa. Unda Nkosa ni Kabaifa.		
SWEETS.		
Fruit Tart and Custard. Jellies. Stewed Pears and Blanc Mange.		
SAVORY.		
Anchovy Toast. Caviare.		
Cheese. Vegetables.		
Coffee.		

A CENTRAL AFRICAN MENU, WITH NATIVE DISHES.

at the mouth of the Zambesi, the transport is at present worked by means of stern-wheel steamers, which ply as far as Katungas, on the Shiré, and thence the traffic is conveyed by bearers overland to Fort Johnston. When the railway is completed, however, the overland traffic will begin at Chiromo, and will go by way of Blantyre and Zomba to Fort Johnston. The railway-track runs through valuable estates all the way, and the additional wealth which the project will bring to the region is manifest. Among our illustrations are evidences of the advancement of this district. These include a remarkable Fort Johnston menu. In round figures, the total length of the first link of railway will be close on 300 miles. From the west to the head of Lake Nyassa the distance is 800 miles. The Nyassaland estates, through which this part of the railway will run, cover some 372,500 acres. The second reach of rail will run through large Government concessions, extending to 268,800 acres. Major Wemyss is the chairman of the company.



THE ASSIZE PROCESSION AT CHESTER: THE JAVELIN MEN IN THEIR NEW BEEFEATERS' COSTUME.

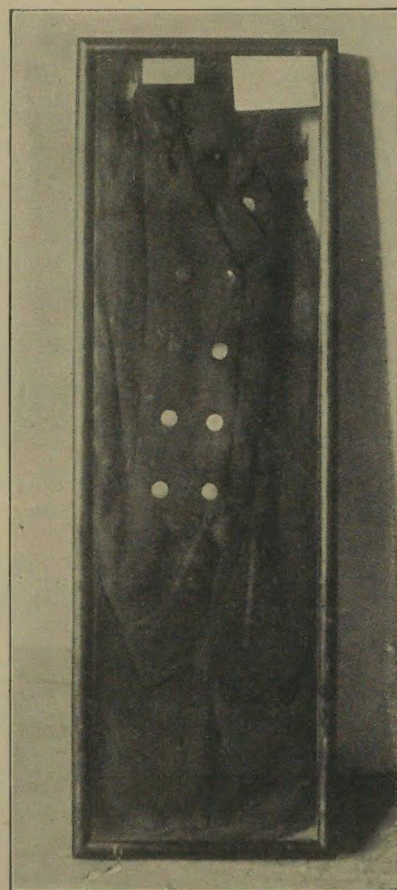
At the recent Assizes the javelin men wore, for the first time in the history of the ancient city, this picturesque costume, which was presented by the High Sheriff, Mr. J. S. H. Banner.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

The procession which marked the inauguration of Sir Marcus Samuel's Mayoralty was not the most brilliant on record, but it drew the usual crowd, largely composed of children, to admire the somewhat tawdry spectacle. There were seven cars in all, the most noteworthy being that of the Stationers' Company, which showed Caxton displaying his first proofs to Edward IV. The Spectacle Makers' Company, of which the Lord Mayor is Master, had a car illustrating eighteenth-century opticians at work. The Gardeners contributed an elaborate floral chariot, and the growth of our sea-empire was symbolised by models of the *Great Harry*, the *Victory*, and the new *King Edward VII*. The Lord Mayor made his progress through Portsoken, his own ward, and then followed the usual route to the Law Courts, proceeding thence along the Strand, returning Citywards by the Embankment. At the end of Queen Victoria Street, the crowd delayed the carriage of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, who were returning from Sandringham. The Prime Minister and his colleague were quick to make the best of the situation; so they hired stools at sixpence each and watched the procession. At the Guildhall banquet in the evening, Mr. Balfour confessed that it had been to him the chance of a lifetime, for he had never before seen the Lord Mayor's Show, although he had long wished to do so.

A WONDERFUL COAT.

The ancient Cloth Hall at Newbury, which was reopened on Nov. 7 after restoration, is to be used as a museum, and will serve as the town's memorial to Queen Victoria. The Mayor, Councillor Rankin, to whom the restoration is originally due, has received from Sir Nicholas Throckmorton a remarkable contribution to the museum in the shape of a coat made at Greenham Mills, near Newbury, for his ancestor, Sir John Throckmorton. The history of the garment, which was exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, is thus recounted in a printed bill which was shown at the same time: "The possibility of wool being manufactured into cloth, and made into a coat between sunrise and sunset, was successfully accomplished on Tuesday, the 25th of June, 1811. At five o'clock that morning two sheep, belonging to Sir John Throckmorton, Bart., were sheared by his own shepherd, Francis Druett, and the wool given to Mr. John Coxeter, at Greenham Mills, near Newbury, Berkshire, who had the wool spun, the yarn spooled, warped, loomed, and wove; the cloth buried, milled, rowed, dyed, dried, sheared, and pressed by four o'clock. All the processes of manufacture were performed by hand in eleven hours. The cloth was then given to Mr. Isaac White, tailor, of Newbury, whose son, James White, cut the coat out, and had it made up within two hours and twenty minutes, when the master manufacturer, Mr. John Coxeter, presented it to Sir John Throckmorton, Bart., who appeared with it on before an assembly of 5000 spectators, who had come far and near to witness this singular and unprecedented performance, completed in thirteen hours and twenty minutes."

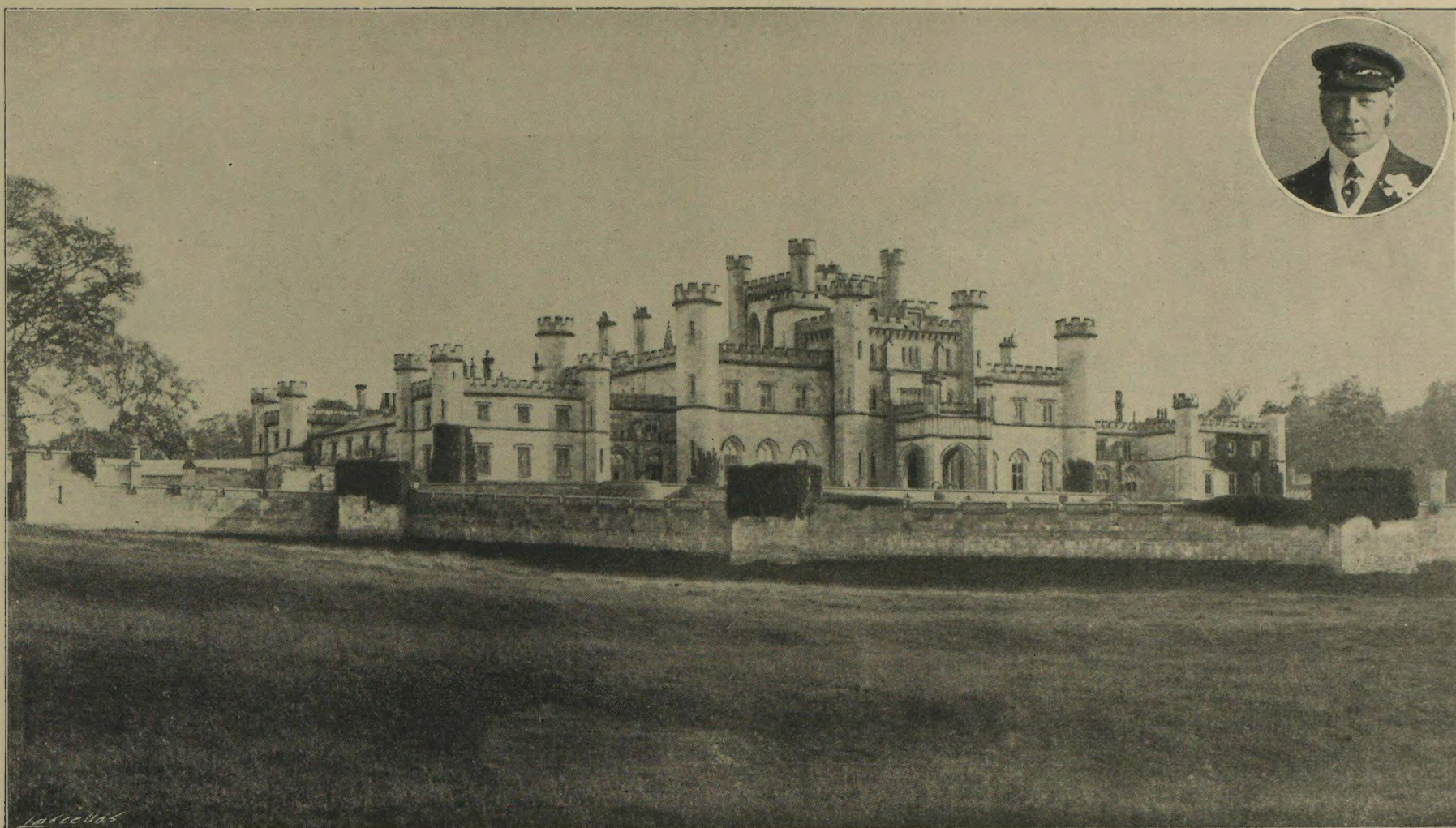


AN EXHIBIT AT THE RESTORED CLOTH HALL, NEWBURY: A COAT MADE FROM RAW WOOL BETWEEN SUNRISE AND SUNSET, JUNE 25, 1811.

SOMALILAND.

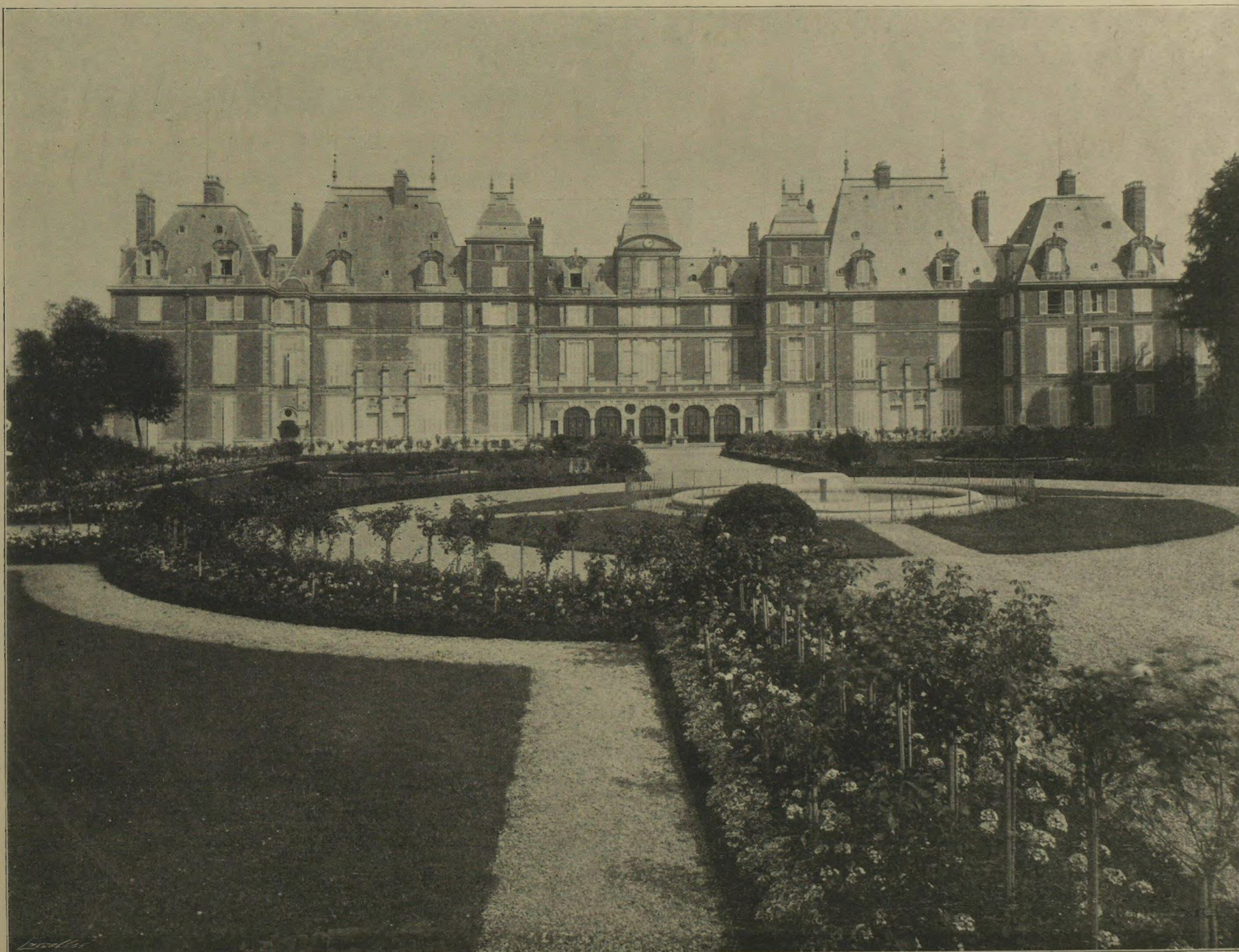
Colonel Swayne, who is suffering from fever, is on his way home on board the P. and O. steamship *Arabia*. Meanwhile, preparations for the expedition are going forward, and the goat-tracks are being converted into roads fit for wheeled transport. The marches from Berbera to Bohotle are portioned out in the following stages: Berbera to Sheikh Pass, 50 miles; Sheikh to Dubah, 70 miles, with water 8 miles beyond Sheikh; Dubah to Burao, 32 miles, with no water; Burao to Garrero, 70 miles, with water 18 miles beyond Burao; Garrero to Bohotle, 50 miles, with water 15 miles beyond Garrero; Bohotle to Mudug, 120 miles, with no water.

LORD LONSDALE.



THE KAISER'S VISIT: LOWTHER CASTLE, WHERE LORD LONSDALE IS ENTERTAINING HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY.

The Castle, which occupies the site of an ancient manorial mansion partially destroyed by fire in 1726, was built during the eight years following 1802. It is a magnificent pile, designed by Smirke, in the castellated and decorated English styles. It commands magnificent views of the Lake District, and was celebrated in verse by Southey.

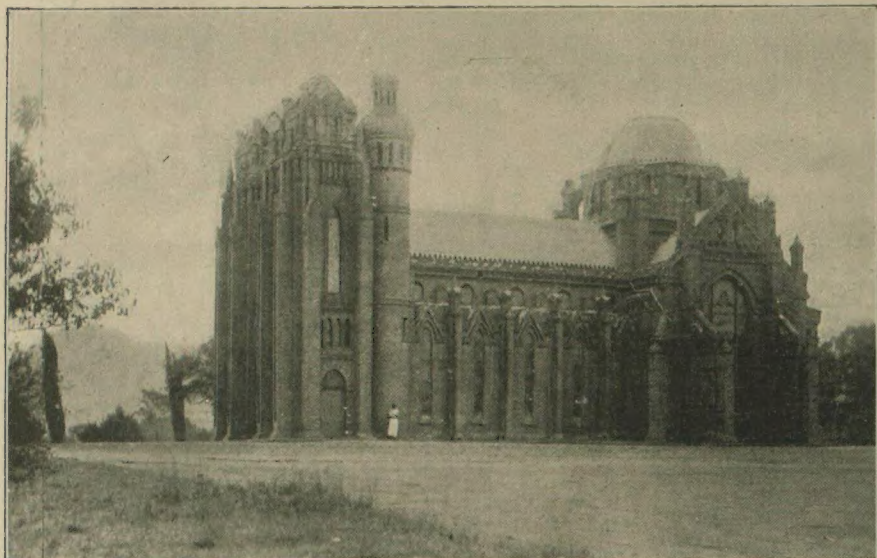


THE FIRE AT THE CHÂTEAU D'EU: THE DUKE OF ORLEANS' HISTORIC RESIDENCE VIEWED FROM THE PARK.

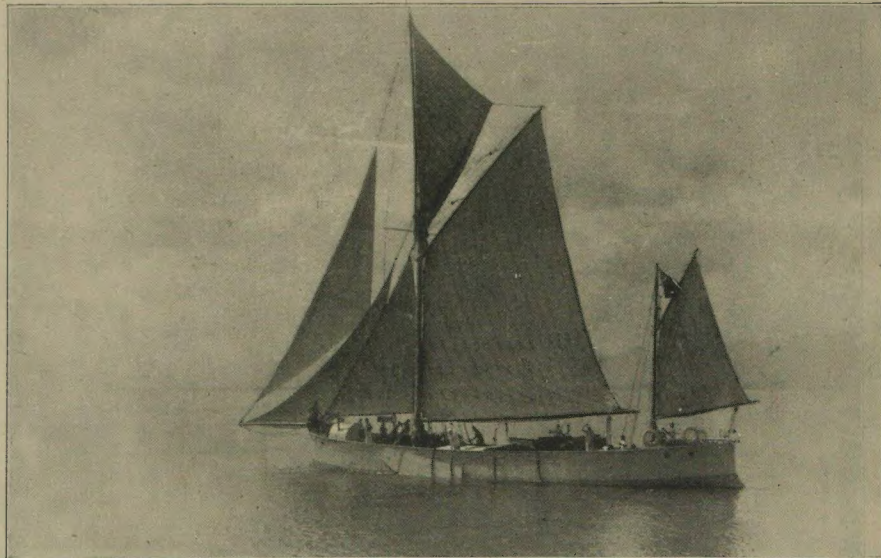
The magnificent Château d'Eu, built near Rouen in 1578 by Henri de Guise, was burnt on November 11. It was the scene of a famous visit paid by Queen Victoria to Louis Philippe in September 1843.

THE CENTRAL AFRICAN RAILWAY CONNECTING THE GREAT NATURAL WATERWAYS.

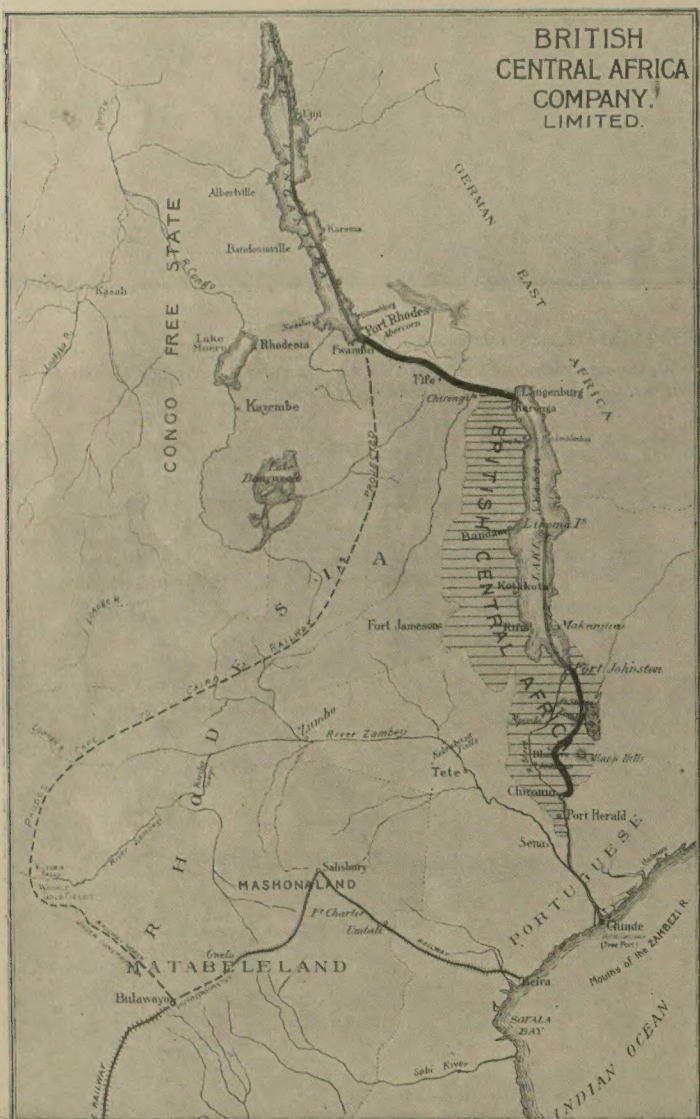
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AN EVIDENCE OF PROGRESS IN CENTRAL AFRICA: THE CHURCH AT BLANTYRE, EIGHTY MILES UP THE FIRST LINK OF RAILWAY.

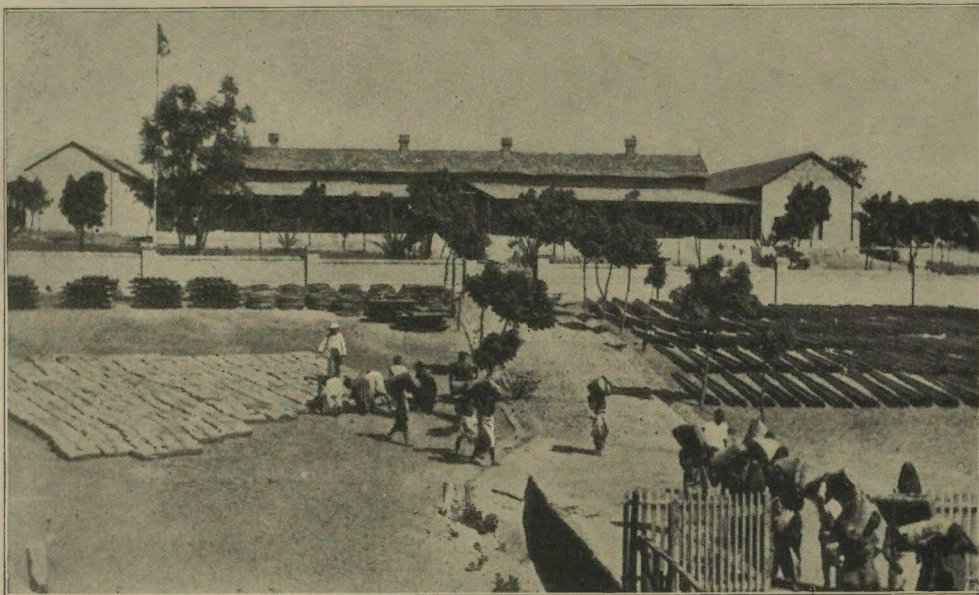


LAKE TRANSPORT: THE COMPANY'S SCHOONER, "LADY OF THE LAKE," PLYING ON LAKE NYASSA.



MAP SHOWING THE PROJECTED LINE OF RAILWAY IN ITS RELATION TO THE CHAIN OF WATERWAYS.

The railway is shown in deep black. The dotted line represents the Cape to Cairo Railway. From Chinde to Chiromo there is about 280 miles of water, and almost a similar distance of railway thence to Fort Johnston. To the head of Lake Nyassa is, in round figures, about 300 miles, the second link of railway 200 miles, and the distance to the north end of Lake Tanganyika another 300 miles, the whole extent being about 1,400 miles.



THE POINT WHERE THE SOUTHERN LINK OF RAILWAY TOUCHES LAKE NYASSA: A SCENE AT FORT JOHNSTON.

In the foreground are telegraph-poles for the Cape to Cairo wire.



A METHOD WHICH THE RAILWAY WILL SUPERSEDE: TRANSPORT BY BEARERS, AS NOW PRACTISED BETWEEN KATUNGAS AND LAKE NYASSA.



THE COAST TERMINUS OF THE ROUTE: CHINDE, THE FREE PORT AT THE MOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI.



THE SOUTHERN TERMINUS OF THE RAILWAY: CHIROMO, WITH THE COMPANY'S STERN-WHEEL STEAMER, "SCORPION."

THE "MALTESE CROSS."

A MYSTERY OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

By EDWARD NOBLE.



Illustrated by A. Forestier.

PART II.

"'It ees,' he says, 'and I ask your pardon. . . Don't talk of it,' says I; 'it isn't worth the breath.'"

"He looked at me a bit in his queer, shifty way, rolled a cigarette, and began to smoke. 'And yet,' he says, between the puffs, 'zay tell me Captain McKay and Mr. Hodgson were on board zis afternoon.' 'Right you are,' says I; 'they were here—what of it?' 'What zey want?' he snapped with a growl. 'What they very often want in this God-forsaken crib,' says I. 'They want me to get one of my firemen out of the calaboose; and seeing the chap's been stripped at one of your thundering casinos, and has only a paper suit to waltz around in, my help seemed necessary.'"

"Lorraine bit his cigarette in half and spat out the end. 'Ze Consulate don't bozzer zairselves often in zese matters,' says he. 'The French Consul, no,' says I; 'but the English, yes. Now let us drop this cackle and come to business. When are you going to get me cleared?'"

"'You sall be cleared to-night, M'sieur,' says he, getting up and looking me one minute in the face. 'And after zat I care not if I nevair see you more. Allons! I will go.'"

"I passed over the swear-word," said Captain Burrows, a twinkle of merriment stealing into his eyes as McKay and I broke into a roar at the evident pride he discovered at having bested the Frenchman. "I couldn't do anything else, seeing what I had up my sleeve, so I showed him over the gangway. He made no remark—not he. He could see I wasn't in the mood for any more fool-talk, and climbed ashore without a word."

"That's what passed, gentlemen, and from it I guess your notion isn't very far off the truth."

We congratulated the commander on the excellent methods he had adopted, and remained chatting and arranging our plan of action for some time longer; then,

taking advantage of Burrows' suggestion, turned in on the settee for a few hours' rest.

A pale streak of crimson and gold showed through the hot Eastern haze when, in the early morning, we came on deck and prepared to get under weigh. The pilot, Pierre Jacquontil, and a Canal company's boatman were on the bridge talking to the skipper and taking a cup of coffee.

Far down towards the entrance of the Canal, the semaphore over the office showed the signal ordering us to proceed; then, as I lounged at the wheelhouse door, ready to pass messages if necessary, McKay, with a coal-begrimed face, and a light moustache and whiskers showing prominent against the dirt, replied to the pilot's order with a loud "Aye, aye, Sir," and pushed the telegraph over to "stand by."

A moment later the gong pealed again; then, with a dull rumble and a shiver throughout her grimy carcass, the *Maltese Cross* crept slowly from the dusty colliers' berth, and slid away towards the Canal.

We were stealing along at the slow speed necessary for vessels of heavy displacement as they pass through the "Ditch," when a loud report brought all eyes towards the port astern. A small wreath of smoke curled in the northern heavens, and beneath it lay the shadowy outline of two large vessels, all a-twinkle with countless points of light.

McKay crossed from his station at the telegraph and spoke to me.

"The *Thunderer* and *Valorous*," he whispered; "ahead of their time by some hours. They have fired a gun to warn the coal people. Twig the pilot."

I looked to the wing of the bridge; Jacquontil and Burrows were both examining the vessels. Port Said loomed cold and grey against the northern sky, and the heavy, dew-like mist wrapped the surrounding desert in a thin white haze.

The pilot remained some minutes in silence, then he turned to the commander. "Go leetle more faster, M'sieur!" he cried, and commenced to pace thoughtfully up and down the bridge. Burrows gave the order, and crossed to where he stood.

"What ships are those?" he questioned.

"I tink mail-boats—Breetish."

"Pish!" said the skipper, with a glance of disdain from beneath his great helmet. "Mail-boats don't fire guns at Port Said."

The pilot faced about and looked him straight in the eyes, then he lifted his gold-laced cap and bowed deeply. "M'sieur ees right," he replied; "perhaps it ees man-o'-war," and without further explanation he turned to McKay at the telegraph. "Leetle bit more faster," he said. "Go haff speed."

"Not much change to be got out of that chap," I remarked as my friend approached after obeying the order.

"No," said McKay. "He's a different sort to Lorraine. Did you notice his colour?"

"No."

"Sea-green for a moment. He knows who it is, hence his 'leetle bit more faster.'"

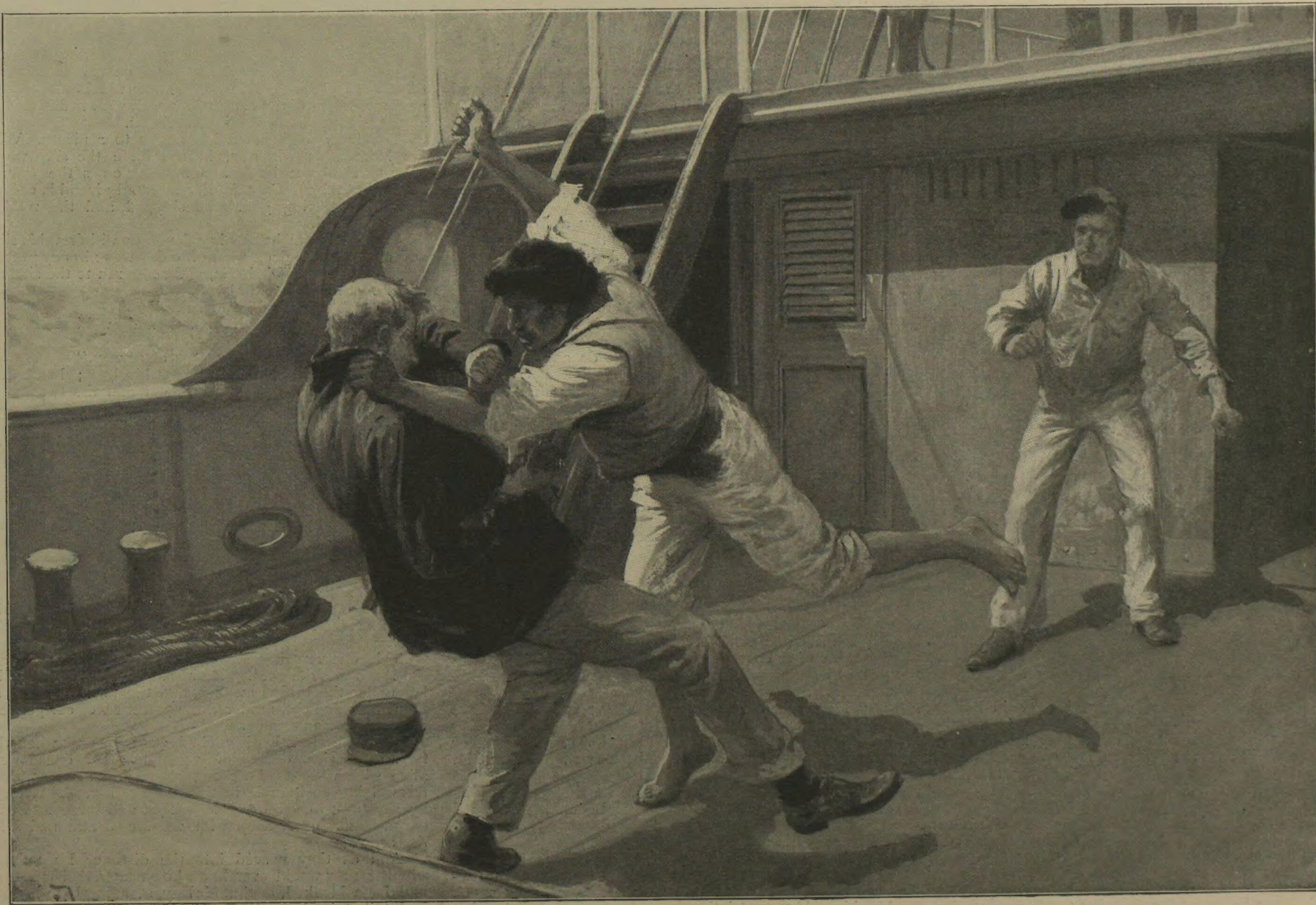
I smiled, and as we were now well started on the first portion of our run, presently went aft to arrange with the second mate for the climax which would, we fancied, be precipitated now that it was certain the convoy would soon be pushing after us. I found him on the turtleback with two dust-stained sailors. He stepped from his perch and leaned over the rail to speak.

"I see," he said, "there is some Dago chap in the after wheelhouse. What shall I do—turn him out?"

"Not a bit of it—watch him," I replied. "When did he come?"

"With the pilot when we started. He's getting a run to Ismailia."

I waited to hear no more, but lounged to the bridge,



My heart stood still as I saw his leap.

where, after a small interval, I attracted McKay's attention and gave him the news. He appeared thoughtful a moment, then asked me to arrange for his relief, and returned to his post.

The second mate immediately dispatched one of his meagre watch on hearing what was required, and McKay joined us.

"In the wheelhouse, is he?" he questioned. "I thought Jacquontil would work the oracle solo; but, from what you tell me, it seems likely he intends to play some game with the machinery. Where is your steering engine, Sir?"

The officer pointed to the turtle-back. "Under there," he said; "just abaft the hand-gear."

"Is the machine open or covered?"

"Open, Sir."

"Good! Now, if you will provide my friend and me with a lump of waste or some brass-cleaning gear, we will take a look around."

We entered at the door after having been amply provided, and crossed in the semi-darkness. A short, stiff-built Dago, with an enormous crop of jet-black hair and a most villainous squint, sprang from the deck at my companion's feet.

"Maldito!" he growled; "why you no look where you go? You all-a same as blind pig. Phit-o-o-o!"

"What's wrong, chum?" cried McKay, with a laugh. "Lolloped on top of you, did we? Well, and what are you doing here, anyway?"

The man drew back, rubbing his shins and glaring at us from under his heavy black fringe. "I come wiz ze pilot," he replied; "he say I may be pasajero to Ismailia. What you—some crew-mans?"

"Yes; going to polish the brass-work—savvy?" said McKay, with an excellent swagger.

"All-a right. I go to sleep 'gain. No walkee on me wiz your pig-foot."

We turned to our work without rejoinder, and for half-an-hour continued polishing the brass while McKay examined the engine.

I know nothing of machinery, and I confess that the sudden movements, the rush of the eccentrics, and the hiss of the steam each time the wheel on the bridge was moved amazed me with its noise and rattle; but my friend was in no way disturbed. He appeared to be as much at home in this sultry cavern as he was in the Consulate. At length he put his polishing gear together, and with a parting sneer at the folly of cleaning brass-work in a collier, we left the wheelhouse and approached the second mate. McKay spoke a few words in a low tone, the officer nodded and went forward, then in a short space the captain joined us on the turtleback.

"I find," said McKay, in response to his hurried question, "a man in the wheelhouse of whom we at Port Said have some knowledge. I need not go into details; it will be sufficient if I tell you he is a bad lot—a Dago of the worst type, who would sell his soul provided he got a decent bid. That he is here in connection with some scheme of Jacquontil's I am equally certain from the remark I shook out of him when I stumbled over his feet by 'accident' just now."

The captain looked at us in some despair, but made no sign beyond the words: "I am no good at this sort of thing; tell me what you suspect."

"I imagine," said McKay quietly, "that at a signal from the pilot the Dago will disarrange your steering-gear, the ship will touch the bank, and the trick is done."

Burrows turned angrily towards the wheelhouse.

"Will he, b'gad?" he cried. "I'll see to it he doesn't do that."

"Wait a bit," said McKay. "Let the beast have his head."

"To run my ship ashore? Not much."

"They won't do that if you follow my lead, captain. But they will do it somehow if we interfere."

Burrows strode wrathfully up and down the narrow bridge across the turtleback. For some minutes he fumed in silence, then he turned on the pair of us.

"I'll be shot if I understand you, Sir!" he cried. "And I'll be shot if I care about the game! I won't have my ship played with."

"Wait a bit," said McKay again. "You are forgetting that at present we have no evidence against either of these men, or against Lorraine. You can do nothing with either until something definite transpires. Suppose we turn this chap ashore—where will you be? An extra touch of the helm, a bit of simulated anxiety, a little flurrying of the helmsman, and the *Maltese Cross* has blocked the channel—and who is to blame? The pilot? But you cannot get compensation from a pilot. The Canal authorities would laugh at you. As it is, they propose to shield the pilot's reputation by displaying a broken steering engine; for I need hardly tell you that in the flurry which will ensue the Dago will get ashore. He will not be noticed, so they argue, then who will be to blame—the pilot? Chut! The broken steering-gear will be evidence against you, and you only. Do you follow me?"

"I do."

"Captain, you are between the devil and the deep sea. Trust to me, and you shall get compensation. The ship shall not go ashore, and Jacquontil, with his accomplices, will be dealt with by her Majesty's Government."

"You give me a hard choice, Sir," said Burrows. "But I will do as you advise, if it is only to teach these thundering Frenchmen they can't play monkey tricks with our affairs. Go on—what do you suggest?"

"Right," said McKay. "That's British talk, and I like to hear it. Tell me, is your hand steering-gear in order?"

"First rate. We can connect in fifteen seconds—less if we are standing by. One lever disconnects the steam and puts on the hand-gear at the same time."

"Good! I know the system, and I leave it to you to see that it is in readiness for instant use. Now I will explain what I want you to do. First, will you station a couple of hands in readiness to take the wheel directly I give the signal? Right; and if you will remain to direct

them when the emergency comes, we will fool these precious Frenchmen and put them in an awkward hole. The thing was done last time it was tried, captain. I want to stop their game by taking them in the act. That's clear, isn't it?"

"Clear as a bell. Now what about yourself?"

"I am going below here," and McKay tapped the deck with his foot.

"But the Dago is there."

"The Dago won't see me. I shall be in the store-room on the starboard side. There is a window through which I can watch him, and I will give you the signal from the ventilator over that room. You will then disconnect and steady the helm with the hand-gear."

The matter having been arranged thus, my friend and I made our way to the store-room, which we entered without much risk; for, what with the vibration of the screw, and the spasmodic rush of the small pistons, the cavernous space could scarcely be called quiet.

A stream of light came in through an open port, and the place was in semi-darkness. This McKay presently made complete by closing the shutter suspended above; then we climbed on the case we had placed near the door and peered through the window.

The Dago no longer lounged on the deck. He stood beside the noisy engine furtively watching its movements, and I saw in his hand a short iron lever, known on board ship as a slice. After awhile he turned away, and, approaching the forward bulkhead, stared through a port towards the bridge. It was evident he waited for a signal. I suggested the notion to McKay, while the machinery coughed and spluttered and drowned our voices. He nodded, and sent me to watch from the alleyway by which we had entered.

The pilot was standing beneath the wing-awning facing aft; and shortly after I had taken up my position I saw a white cloth moving slowly against the glass of the Dago's port. The pilot shrugged his shoulders, and taking off his cap, placed it carefully on the bridge-rail. Then he donned a helmet, and commenced to walk to and fro before the chart-room.

A movement in the Dago's compartment told me that he too was walking about; so I rejoined McKay and reported what I had seen. My friend remained silent until the pistons again began their clatter; then, catching me by the arm, he whispered—

"It is a signal, Hodgson, as you suggest; but for the moment I don't see its meaning. . . . Wait! I have a notion. Go to the bridge and get the officer to remove the cap on some pretext. Don't let them see you, and twig moves."

I hastened forward to do his bidding, and, having attracted the mate's notice, told him what I required.

He continued to walk for some minutes, then crossed to a case which held the binoculars, and took out a bit of waste and commenced to dust the rail. The pilot, standing just in front of the helmsman, gave his orders with slow monotony: "Pore . . . 'eady . . . 'eady staab'd. Leetle bit more staab'd"; and accompanied his directions with movements of the hand. But the moment he espied the officer moving his cap he crossed the bridge to interfere. "No, no," he cried; "no touchee zat. Leave stay where I myself put heem."

"The thing is getting all smothered with clinkers," said the mate; "it will be spoiled."

"Pardon. It ees nussing. I prefaire zat it would remain as I place it. Allons! let us see to ze passage of ze sheep."

He replaced the cap in the same position and turned to watch the steering, while I made my way to McKay and told him what I had seen. He agreed with me that it was evidently a signal, "and," he added, "from my observation of the man during the altercation, it is a signal that he need not remain on the alert. Look at him; he has been walking ever since the thing was replaced."

I peered through the small window and discovered the man slowly promenading in the gloom. Every time he came to the port he halted and glanced forward, but he made no stop, only continued nonchalantly to and fro.

"I don't care how soon they get to work," I whispered, as I gave place to McKay; "for it is hot enough here to bake an ox."

"Cut on deck a bit—they won't do anything yet," he returned. "The vessel steers well and the Canal is straight hereabouts; wait till we get down towards Ismailia."

I was only too glad to avail myself of his offer; so I found a shady spot beneath one of the boats and remained leaning over the rail. It was now past nine o'clock, and the sun threw a dazzling glare across the desert on either hand. We had already passed that part of Lake Menzaleh which fringes for the first ten miles the western bank of the Canal, and were drawing down to Kantara, the crossing-place of the caravans bound for Syria. From this point to the Mediterranean is a distance of twenty-four miles, and as the waterway is perfectly straight, it was easy with my glass to pick out the vessels as they passed down the Canal.

Again I moved aft, and climbed the turtleback. Captain Burrows was seated there, watching from behind the stern of a boat the bridge and the ventilator, from whence he expected the signal. He beckoned me to him, and pointed astern.

"They are coming along," he remarked, without taking his eyes off the bridge, "and we are crawling horribly. At this rate, with their fine lines and easy passage, they will be up with us before we reach Ismailia. Got any news?"

"Devil the news," said I, "except that we have discovered that the pilot and Dago are in communication." And I recounted what we had learned.

The captain swore under his breath.

"A nice position for a British ship-master," he growled, "dodging Pompey on this confounded turtleback in a full blaze of sun, while a pair of Dagos wreck his ship. If my patriotism weren't touched, I'll be shot if I'd stand it. I would collar the beasts and navigate the ship to Ismailia myself."

"But you won't," said I; "if it's only for the Old Country's sake. Besides, think of the sensation you will cause. Why, your name will be in every paper that's printed."

"Hang the papers!" said Captain Burrows. "The papers won't make up for my loss of time"; but I noticed he remained without taking action.

We crawled, as he said, horribly; watching the slow procession of red-hot sand dunes, fascines, and scanty desert scrub was enough to make any man wroth. We approached a gare, and a boat put off to hand a note to the pilot. He read it, and our speed was reduced still more. Half-a-dozen vessels were tied up waiting for us to pass. In ordinary circumstances the signal would have been made for us to tie up also; instead of that, the semaphore ordered us to pass on; and we, a dirty, coal-stained tramp, had the honour, so rarely vouchsafed to our breed, of passing a handful of shackled mail-ships, and listening to the running banter from their crews.

At Kantara the cruisers were less than a gare behind us; by the time we were approaching the station in Ballah Lake it was half-past ten, and they were scarcely a couple of miles astern.

"We shall tie up here," said Captain Burrows as I stood beside him. "The thing is too transparent." But we did not tie up. Again the signal flew for us to proceed; and as we passed the desert station a draggle-tailed Frenchman, in a blue surtout and an enormous topee, came to the landing and waved his hand to the pilot.

"You are honoured, M'sieur!" he shouted; "you are a fitting guard for the men-o'-war coming. Hein?"

I translated for the captain's edification, and he growled a reply which luckily the Frenchman neither heard nor understood.

Several times I had been below and tried to induce McKay to leave me in charge while he got a breath of fresh air; but nothing would persuade him to move. Indeed, from the time we entered the Canal until past eleven, he scarcely stirred from his post. And all this while the cap remained; but just as we came abreast of the thirty-second mile-post, I saw the pilot cross the bridge and remove the signal. I immediately went below to inform my chief.

"Where are we?" was his first question.

"Just through Ballah."

"There is an elbow hereabouts, isn't there?"

"A mile or so ahead."

"I thought so. See, the Dago is no longer on the prowl. Tell the skipper to be on the qui vive."

A quarter of an hour passed in silence. The blazing sun beating on the hot decks overhead kept the atmosphere in this stifling place so sultry that the sweat poured down our faces; our hot and uncomfortable disguise clung to us, and it was with difficulty that we managed to keep our vision free. I felt that another fifteen minutes would do for me, and leaned against the bulkhead, gasping. Then, suddenly the pistons began to throb more rapidly; the sound of the engine-room gong fell on our ears, and McKay leaned forward, whispering that the time had come.

I replied in terms of thankful relief; and even as I spoke the Dago came from the port with a run and seized the slice. The pistons bobbed furiously; the quadrant over the rudder showed us the helm was hard a port. We scarcely breathed in our anxiety—then the man adjusted the slice, and a second later the crash which followed the next movement of the eccentrics nearly drowned McKay's signal to the skipper waiting overhead.

The Dago had timed his action to a nicety. With the helm where it was, in a minute the ship would have touched the bank and swung across the Canal; but in that minute Captain Burrows had given his orders. The hand-steering gear was shipped and the rudder-angle reduced.

While this was happening the Dago withdrew his slice and made for the deck where McKay was already posted. I followed close at his heels, and as he ran to the side my friend met him, pistol in hand.

"Stand," he cried; "or I fire."

The man instantly halted, then drew his knife and rushed on.

"Peste!" he growled; "out of ze way."

My heart stood still as I saw his leap; but before I could reach him a shot rang out and the two fell in a heap on the deck.

For one moment I thought the worst had happened—then as I hauled back the senseless Dago, my friend struggled to his feet.

"It's all right, old chap," he gasped; "look after the other." With that he hastened to where the captain was standing open-eyed at the sudden tragedy, and assisted coolly with the navigation until we reached the gare.

The signal was flying for us to proceed, precisely as it had flown at other stations, but Burrows had had enough for one day, so also had we. It was decided, therefore, in spite of the angry protests of the gare-master, to make the vessel fast and send by wire to Ismailia for assistance.

This was very necessary, for it soon became evident the Dago was done for. Besides, his conversation as he lay under the bridge awning, and the pilot's dismay as the truth came out, rendered the presence of our police a matter of some urgency.

We had scarcely dispatched our messages when the foremost cruiser drew slowly past us; her decks were alive with white-clad sailors, all gazing at the forlorn tramp lying so humble in the dusty siding. They crept by slowly—two grim fighting-ships, and three less trim cargo-boats gutter-deep with war-stores and mules for the army.

And as they passed into the distance I wondered whether they would ever know how nearly their passage had been blocked, or that McKay, standing bare-headed and toil-stained, leading our preposterous cheers, was her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Port Said, without whose aid they must certainly have lingered in the Canal.

THE END.

T H E L O R D M A Y O R ' S S H O W , 1 9 0 2.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)
Robin Brilliant. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
A Whaler's Wife. By Frank T. Bullen. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
Success. By R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. The Green Back Series. (London: Duckworth. 1s. 6d.)
Pictures of Many Wars. By Frederic Villiers. (London: Cassell. 6s.)
The Success of Mark Wyngate. By U. L. Silberrad. (Westminster: Constable. 6s.)
Praise of the Dog: An Anthology. By Ethel E. Bicknell. (London: Grant Richards. 5s.)
The Lady of the Barge. By W. W. Jacobs. (London: Harper. 6s.)

Mr. Mason's latest novel surprises us by proving that the story of the loss and reconquest of the Soudan has passed so completely into history as to give material for



FITTING OUT MOSES FOR THE FAIR.

Illustration by Hugh Thomson, reproduced from a new edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

imaginative literature. For "The Four Feathers" is not in the least like the ephemeral stories that have transported their heroes to South Africa and discovered their villains there. The essential idea, as it happens, might have been developed in connection with any war, but Mr. Mason has chosen to work it out at Suakin and Omdurman, and has, with great skill, used as documents matter that we were reading in the daily papers not so long ago. But it is as a very subtle study of character—the characters of one or two persons who are very far indeed from commonplace humanity, and yet absolutely possible—that the book demands recognition. Harry Feversham, the highly strung, imaginative descendant of a line of soldiers, is haunted through early life by the fixed idea that he is a coward, that in a supreme crisis he will fail. When his regiment is ordered on active service, he would have forced himself to go but for the horrible belief that he will disgrace himself and bring shame to the girl he loves. He sends in his papers. Three brother officers, discovering something of the truth, scornfully send him white feathers. The girl, a high-spirited Irishwoman, gives him a fourth. On the gift of the fourth feather turns the plot, and yet this one incident does not convince. It is a piece of cold cruelty that does not fit the lady's character. How Feversham redeems himself, and compels the surviving donors to take back their gifts, is told most vividly. When his chance comes, he proves—to his own wonder—that his imagination had played him a trick as vain as it was tragic. And this is true to reality: the men who do the bravest things are not those who sleep soundest on the eve of battle. But perhaps the most impressive character in the book is Feversham's friend and unwilling rival, Durrance—a distinguished soldier struck blind on service, who has the strength to refuse love which is merely pity. With him, Mr. Mason has succeeded better than with any previous character. For many reasons, "The Four Feathers" must take a high place; all its persons (except one woman who has walked in from melodrama) live, and the construction, the weaving of incident round one central purpose, is excellent. The novel is developed from a short story, "The Coward," which appeared originally in *The Illustrated London News*.

In "Robin Brilliant" Mrs. Henry Dudeney devotes herself exclusively to a study of village life and manners. To Wetherfold, in Sussex, all the characters are chained, and if upon occasion they leave its boundaries, the reader is not asked to follow them: it is Wetherfold first and last. To our mind, this is a bold undertaking, and one that makes a very large demand upon the writer's skill and sympathy: it were easier to compass half the habitable globe and make a fair show of knowledge. Mrs. Dudeney brings to her work at least one of the necessary qualifications: her knowledge of the humble peasant-folk is intimate and personal, and we do not hesitate to say that in writing of them she has attained a far larger measure of success than attends her when she essays to depict the great people of the village. There is something intangible about the heroine that robs her of all individuality, although it is obvious that nothing is farther from the writer's intention. But in the story of Mrs. Albert Wass, the village invalid, and the romantic devotion to her of William Blackaby—commonly known as Willyam—we have a simple idyll of rare beauty and tenderness. We confess to being sorry for the faithful Willyam, when, the unrequited devotion of many

years being checked by the demise of Mrs. Wass, he expends a week's wages upon a sampler which turns out to be the work of another. But although such isolated fragments are refreshingly welcome, they are not sufficient in themselves to justify the pretensions of the volume before us. The book cries out for genius.

Mr. Bullen's story of "A Whaler's Wife" is wholly admirable, regarded as a series of scenes on board a whaling-vessel: the tale is full of stirring incident and adventure, and the author well maintains his deserved reputation as a descriptive writer. Regarded as a novel, we must admit that it leaves something to be desired. The villain, Captain Da Silva, is very, very black, a man with the instincts of a tiger unredeemed by any commendable quality save the courage which we find quite as frequently in men of estimable character as in civilised savages. The foremost-hand hero, Reuben, is very, very white; and the heroine, who marries the villain with somewhat unaccountable precipitancy, though a rather colourless young person, is perhaps the most lifelike of the three. We follow, by turns, the fortunes of Reuben in "the good ship *Xiphias*"—the italics are the author's—and the misfortunes of the crew of the very bad ship *Grampus*, commanded by Captain Da Silva; and thus obtain the full force of the contrast between the lot of sailors commanded by a skipper of ordinary humanity, and their lot as the slaves of a brute. The long arm of coincidence eventually brings Reuben within the power of the villainous Da Silva, whose conduct continues to be such that we welcome the page on which vice and virtue reap their anticipated rewards. The strong religious feeling that distinguishes Mr. Bullen's writings is much in evidence in "A Whaler's Wife."

Mr. Cunninghame-Graham is a writer whose gifts are not readily matched by any modern essayist. Entirely free from sentimentality, profoundly discontented with the achievements of modern Western civilisation, devoted to the byways of far countries and their denizens, he is able at the same time to see what is worth recording in any part of the world. His new book, "Success," is a collection of pen-pictures very similar in style to the earlier volume entitled "The Ipané"; and, indeed, while the philosophy remains the same, there is no great change in the atmosphere. South America, Spain, Morocco, Scotland are revisited in turn by the author, whose memories embrace incidents that few men would trouble to recall, and fewer still could vitalise. For Mr. Cunninghame-Graham, theme is nothing and treatment is everything. The smallest incident suffices for a little pen-picture that is perfect after its kind, a picture in which every figure lives and moves. There is something so intensely vital about the people he describes that they cease to belong to a book: they are part and parcel of the world we live in, oppressed to large or small extent by the "progress" their delineator derides. Mr. Cunninghame-Graham's art has much in common with that of the great Spanish painter Francisco Goya, and just as the creator of the "Manolas upon the Balcony" has preserved for us interesting types that exist no longer, so the author of "Success" presents people, picturesque and lovable enough, who must pass with the development of modern life in places that have hitherto paid no heed to the triumph of time.

It is not often that the autobiographer has such good claim upon his audience as Mr. Frederic Villiers, who, as war artist of *The Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*, has a record of active service which many a soldier might envy. Beginning his career as "special" during the Turco-Servian War of 1876, he has followed the grim god of battle in many countries and under many conditions, and it is not surprising that his experiences have provided him with the material for a number of vivid and realistic sketches of both the horror and the pathos of war. Of the night before Tel-el-Kebir, Mr. Villiers has a curious story, admirably illustrating the result of nerve tension upon a force waiting to engage an enemy and unable to judge, even approximately, when the first shot will be fired: "No sooner had we arrived in the bivouac than a most remarkable scene took place. In the twinkling of an eye the men, with suppressed curses, were struggling to their feet and fixing bayonets and huddling together in square formation, apparently preparing to resist cavalry. Even the supports scrambled to their feet as the panic-wave passed over the desert. 'For God's sake, what's the matter?' whispered the officers, as they tried to suppress the excitement of the men. But to this day there is no valid answer given for this remarkable scare. It was called the nightmare of that famous march." Even more extraordinary, though we do not, of course, question the author's veracity, appears an incident in the account of a night march with the Guides. Mr. Villiers's book is a series of episodes, not a connected narrative, but it is none the less excellent. Why, however, these episodes are not kept in chronological order it is difficult to divine, unless the author imagines that his book thereby gains in variety.

Mark Wyngate is a young student of chemistry who carries on private research work at his uncle's forge. It happens one night that the workman, Loring, who assists him with his experiments, falls ill, and his daughter Judith takes his place. Old Loring dies soon after, leaving the girl penniless, and Mark continues her services. She becomes in time as clever a chemist as himself. They pursue their studies together, and accidentally discover iriscene. (A note, by the way, explains that this opal dye was first found during an investigation of the condensation products of phenyl hydrazine, and was eventually proved to be a tetrazine derivative.) Thereafter—not without having to suffer increase of the condemnation of busybodies which they have earned by their unconventional relations—they enter into a partnership

for the putting of iriscene on the market in quantity as a commercial product. Untaxed alcohol not being allowed to manufacturers in England, the partners find it necessary to transfer the dye-works to Germany. And there, in a little ugly Rhine town, success has come to them when a fire breaks out in the works, which are saved from total destruction by Judith, though only at the cost of her own life. That, in brief outline, is "The Success of Mark Wyngate," by Miss Silberrad. It is the story of a failure, for not until Judith is dying does Mark, absorbed in his work, clear his mind of his own ambitions to see how she loves him. The author, however, does not go out of her way to emphasise the moral involved in that. In the story we are aware of secondary intentions as diverse as the contrast of the conventional and the unconventional in the conduct of life, and the unfavourable conditions existing in England for chemical research. The novel is curiously artless, as if it were the piecing together of some inconsequent transcripts from experience.

Mrs. Bicknell evidently possesses in great degree that genius which has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, and the result is an anthology of poetry and prose in "Praise of the Dog" that has the merit, too seldom found in such compilations, of being thoroughly representative. Omissions, of course, there are—Mrs. Bicknell herself acknowledges the fact—but it is satisfactory to learn that many are intentional and some unavoidable. Under the first category falls "a considerable body of poetry from Chaucer onwards," rejected because the compiler has judged it wise to insert nothing "of which the English appears so old as to be a difficulty to the modern brain and ear"; under the second come Tennyson's "Owd Roä," Christina Rossetti's "A Poor Old Dog," and Matthew Arnold's "Geist's Grave" and "Kaiser Dead," all of which she is prevented by the copyright law from reprinting. The ultra-captious critic will probably find that some of the quotations are scarcely in agreement with the title of the book—Æsop's fables "Of the Dogge and the Peece of Flesh," and "Of the Envious Dogge," for instance, are not suggestive of praise (unless possibly it be of the kind known as faint), nor, perhaps, is the selection of Pope's lines—

I am his Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?"

quite warranted. Their inclusion, however, cannot detract from the general excellence of a volume which should soon be found in the library of every "compleat" dog-owner.

Mr. Jacobs, as we all know, can write very well indeed one kind of short story. He has no rival in chronicling the humours and misadventures, the sentimentalities and mild knaveries, of the captains and crews of small coasting vessels. But he is trying hard (and laudably) to write stories of a very different *genre*, bordering on the tragic, even the bizarre. We doubt whether he will



JUNN PLACED A HAND WHICH LACKED TWO FINGERS ON HIS BREAST, AND BOWED AGAIN.

Reproduced from "The Lady of the Barge" by permission of Messrs. Harper Brothers.

ever make our flesh creep as vigorously as he has caused our sides to shake. His new volume combines the two elements, with the result that we feel that he has not very much that is new to tell us about his skippers, and is not yet at home with his spooks. He knows how to write effectively, and seems to have read his Poe and his Stevenson. The latter fact is perhaps a little more obvious than the former. One of his subjects—the seclusion of a person whose face is horribly marred by accident (as here) or disease—has been the theme of several writers. Another story reminds one of "Lady Audley's Secret." This is not the Mr. Jacobs who won our hearts; consequently we become captious, and notice that he is weak in his spelling at times. That used not to matter. Still, in "The Lady of the Barge" he can make us very good sport of the crimping of a doctor and a solicitor.

THE SALE OF PICTURES BY MR. FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION.



A FINISHED CARTOON FOR THE PICTURE
"HAGAR AND ISHMAEL."



A FINISHED CARTOON FOR THE PICTURE
"SARAH AND ISAAC."



A STUDY OF CHRIST FOR THE PICTURE
OF "THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA."



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.



THE SNAKE-CHARMER.



"HOLY CHILDHOOD," A FINISHED CARTOON.



A FINISHED CARTOON FOR THE PICTURE "JOCHABED."



"HANNAH AND SAMUEL," A FINISHED CARTOON.

At the sale, which began on November 11, and continued for the three following days, 990 examples of Mr. Goodall's work, including oil paintings, engravings, sketches, and drawings, were brought under the hammer.

KING EDWARD'S REGIMENTS IN THE KAISER'S ARMY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



KING EDWARD'S 1ST PRUSSIAN DRAGOON GUARDS: AN OFFICER IN FIELD-SERVICE ORDER.

Early in 1901 King Edward was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, in succession to Queen Victoria. A detachment of the Dragoons attended the late Queen's funeral, and another was in readiness to ride in the Coronation Procession which was fixed for June 27.

KING EDWARD'S REGIMENTS IN THE KAISER'S ARMY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



KING EDWARD'S 5TH POMERANIAN (PRINCE BLÜCHER VON WAHLSTADT) HUSSARS: A TRUMPETER IN REVIEW ORDER.

As in the case of the Dragoons, a detachment of the dashing 5th Regiment of Pomeranian Hussars, of which the King is Colonel-in-Chief, came to England to take part in the Coronation Procession which had to be abandoned.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL, NOVEMBER 8.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHEERNESS.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, NOV. 15, 1902.—742

THE KAISER'S YACHT, "HOHENZOLLERN," WITH HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ON BOARD, APPROACHING PORT VICTORIA.

H.M.S. Immortalité.

The yacht, which was flying the German Imperial Standard and the Union Jack, was greeted by the battle-ship "Edinburgh" and the cruiser "Immortalité." The yacht arrived at Garrison Point at half-past seven in the morning, and entered Sheerness Harbour to the sound of royal salutes. She then steamed slowly to Port Victoria Pier, where the Kaiser disembarked.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR: THE KAISER AND HIS BRITISH DRAGOONS.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHORNCLIFF.



THE REVIEW BY THE KAISER OF HIS REGIMENT, THE 1ST ROYAL DRAGOONS, AT SHORNCLIFFE, NOVEMBER 8: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY GREETING LORD BASING, THE COLONEL COMMANDING THE REGIMENT.

On reaching the review ground, the Emperor put his white charger to a canter, and advanced to greet Lord Basing, with whom he shook hands, while the band played "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz," the air to which is the same as that of our own National Anthem. The terrible inclemency of the weather robbed the staff which surrounded the Kaiser of the splendour which it would otherwise have possessed. The officers (among whom Lord Roberts was conspicuous) in their close-drawn cloaks looked more like a body on active service than participants in a gala occasion.



THE KAISER.

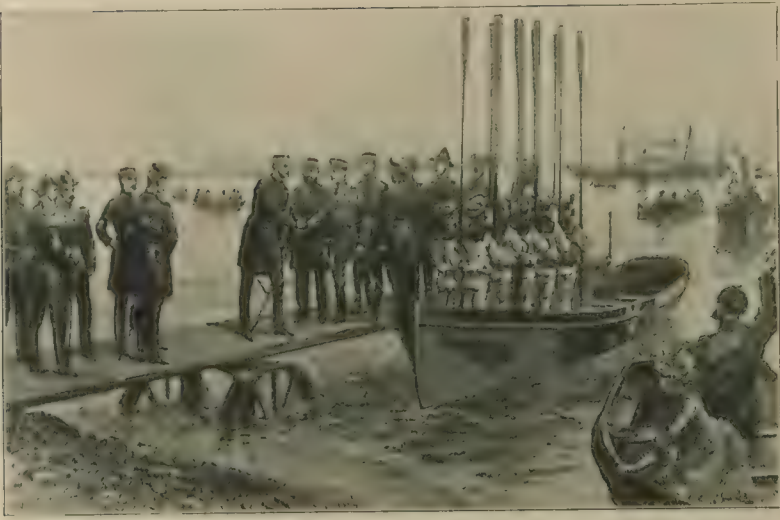
LORD ROBERTS.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR REVIEWING HIS BRITISH REGIMENT, THE 1ST ROYAL DRAGOONS, AT SHORNCLIFFE, NOVEMBER 8: THE MARCH PAST.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHORNCLIFFE.

The Kaiser, who wore the uniform of the 1st Royal Dragoons, was attended by Lord Roberts and a distinguished staff. The Kaiser's orderly, who appears on the right (on foot with eagle-crested helmet), carried the decorations which his Imperial Majesty distributed to the senior officers of all ranks.

FORMER VISITS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO ENGLAND.



IN 1890: THE EMPEROR LANDING AT EASTNEY, NEAR PORTSMOUTH, AUGUST 6.



IN 1892: THE EMPEROR RECEIVED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," AUGUST 1.



IN 1899: THE EMPEROR RECEIVED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WINDSOR, NOVEMBER 20.



IN 1891: THE EMPEROR'S VISIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON: THE PROCESSION IN CHEAPSIDE, JULY 10.



IN 1895: THE EMPEROR'S VISIT IN AUGUST TO THE ENGLISH LAKES: EMBARKING AT THE "OLD ENGLAND" LANDING-STAGE, BOWNESS.



IN 1901: THE KAISER AND KING EDWARD AT QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL, FEBRUARY 2.

THE TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS: MILITARY OPERATIONS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



TURKISH ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH TO THE ALBANIAN FRONTIER.

Since the Turkish complaint as to the inefficiency of the frontier guards, active measures of repression have been taken, and the Porte has now announced that the situation on the Macedonian and Albanian frontiers is greatly improved. The agitation has practically failed owing to the advance of the season, lack of money, and the half-hearted reception which the revolutionary leaders have had from the Christian population.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It is regarded by all biologists as one of the most important as well as most interesting features of life's development that animals and plants exhibit many ingenious contrivances upon which they depend for concealment and for protection from their enemies. As a rule, life's little plans and projects exhibited in this direction are mostly defensive. Organisation for defence is the principle of life all round. Occasionally, for the capture of prey, an animal or plant may naturally require to assume a more or less aggressive aspect towards other species. The plants which capture insects undoubtedly lay gins and snares in the way of their prey, just as in a more decided form the lion and the eagle hunt for their daily bread. These latter phases of life on the part of a carnivorous race we can understand. They are an illustration of a predatory habit where attack is necessary, aided, it may be, by the artifices of the hunter as against the hunted.

In most cases, however, of the kind we are discussing we are met by ingenious contrivances and conditions—ruses, in fact—whereby a weak animal, or one which has little "bone and muscle" wherein to place confidence, escapes the undesirable attentions of stronger forms. Certain tropical butterflies, for example, are known to emit a highly disagreeable odour, which renders them entirely distasteful to birds as food. Owing to this characteristic, they are left severely alone. It so happens that another race of butterflies, exhibiting no odorous characters and quite distinct from the odorous species, shows so close a resemblance to the evil-smelling ones that it is wellnigh impossible for anyone save a practised entomologist to discriminate between them. What follows from this assumption of the characters of the odorous insects is clear enough. The non-odorous race is protected by reason of its resemblance to the butterflies which the birds reject. The latter, deceived by the likeness, reject both races equally. This example illustrates to us what is known to biologists as the principle of "mimicry."

The insect class is peculiarly rich in this means of defence. There are species whose line-like bodies are so like dried twigs that they have appropriately received the name of "stick-insects." Even the manner in which they hold their legs imitates the branches or slips of twigs; and, lying motionless on a plant, the eye of the enemy is deceived. The "leaf-insects" are more remarkable still. They so closely resemble leaves that as they rest amid plant foliage they are perceived only with difficulty, if they can be recognised at all. Slow-moving insects, they find their defence in the mimicry of the leaf. The inhabitants of the tropics where these insects occur, struck by this likeness to leaves, imagine that a leaf has been actually metamorphosed into the insect. The colours vary, it is said, in some species so as to imitate the changing hues of the leaves. At least, Murray, so long ago as 1856, said of one specimen that before it died it passed through the different hues of a decaying leaf.

The art of concealment by a near approach to surroundings is, of course, a familiar enough feature of animal life around us. It is very difficult to discern a flounder as it lies on the sand, so closely does its colour approximate to the environment. An octopus clinging to a rock in an aquarium tank requires a close examination to detect it, and cuttlefishes often exhibit a power of assimilating themselves temporarily to different hues or shades of background. So universal, indeed, is this feature of life that one might almost postulate a doctrine of sympathy as an explanation of the marked relationship which exists between life and its environment.

Further, we find illustrations of devices which are remarkable by reason of their ingenious nature. These, indeed, involve what we may call a high order of instinct. Spider-crabs show the habit of rolling themselves in seaweed, that they may attach to the spines of their shells the fronds of the weeds. Thus decorated, and lying low, like Brer Rabbit, they escape attack because of their acquired resemblance to stones covered with marine vegetation. It would be interesting could we trace the beginnings of such a habit. Doubtless there would be found all stages in its evolution, and the animal is quick to benefit by the lessons of experience, when, especially, some habit is found to tend to its advantage, and to give it some aid in the struggle for existence. A certain species of hermit crab, ensconced in the cast-off shell of a whelk, is always found with a sea-anemone mounting guard on the shell. Like Sindbad with the Old Man of the Sea on his back, the crab travels about with his companion. If he shifts to a larger shell he will detach the anemone and carefully place it on the new abode. He feeds his companion and provides for its comfort. This extraordinary case is explained on the principle of selfishness ruling much of life's ways, when we find that the crab is protected by the presence of his anemone friend. Fishes which might devour him readily cannot stomach the anemone, and so he escapes their attentions.

More extraordinary still is a case detailed in Mr. Stanley Gardiner's report on the animal life of the Maldive and Laccadive Archipelagos. Here a crab called *Melia tessellata* occurs. It dwells among the living branches of the corals. Now, in each of its hands or nipping claws this crab carries a small sea-anemone. The anemones are not attached, they are simply carried; and if an anemone be taken away from the crab it will again be seized. One or both hands may occasionally be empty. The explanation here is that the anemones may serve as defences to the crab, or by their stinging cells may enable him to capture food. If the crab be threatened, he holds out his hands with the anemones, as if to ward off attack. Again we meet with a defensive habit of peculiar kind. That which puzzles us here, as elsewhere, is the initial stages which have led to the adoption of the defence.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

KARL OBROST (Vienna).—It is rather an old story now to go back to No. 2028, but if you will tell us wherein it is faulty, we shall be glad to go into the matter. We cannot reply by post.

C C W SUMNER (Warwick).—We are much obliged for the correction.

W M PRIDEAUX (Bristol).—Thanks for your letter; but there is no solution as you propose.

Mrs. W. J. BAIRD (Brighton).—Please accept our congratulations on the patronage you have received from her Majesty.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3046 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad) and P N Banerji (Dhar); of No. 3047 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon) and Banarsi Das; of No. 3048 from P N Banerji (Dhar); of No. 3051 from A E Wedekind (Freiburg), D B R (Oban), A G (Pancsova), G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), and W P K (Clifton); of No. 3052 from H Le Jeune, C W Porter (Crawley), Joseph Dean (Oughtibridge), A G (Pancsova), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and A Heicher (Wycombe).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3053 received from Charles Burnett, Clement C Danby, T Roberts, Reginald Gordon, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Martin F, H S Brandreth (Biarritz), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A F Atkinson (Manchester), R Worters (Canterbury), W D Easton (Sunderland), C W Porter (Crawley), E Fear Hill (Trowbridge), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), F R Pickering, F Glover, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Shadforth, F J S (Hampstead), Edith Corser (Reigate), Alpha, and J W (Campsie).

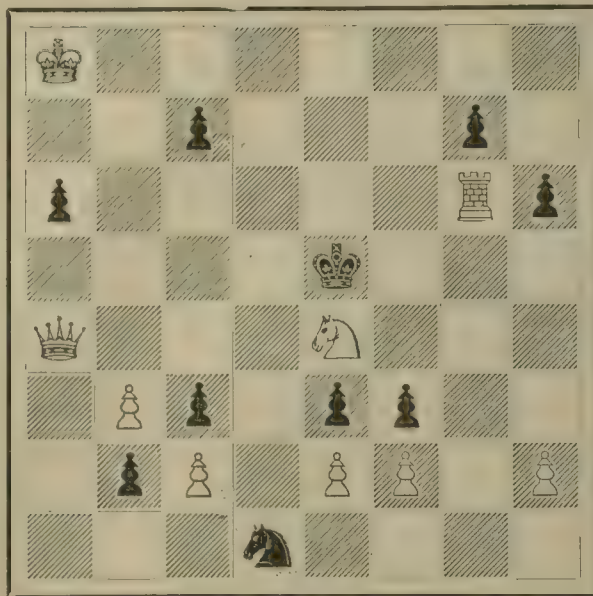
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3052.—By F. BENNETT.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q Kt 7th B takes R
2. Q takes B (ch) Kt takes Q, or K moves.
3. Kt or Q mates.

If Black play 1. R to Q 4th, 2. Kt to R 4th (ch); and if 1. R takes Kt, B to Q 8th, etc., then 2. Kt to R 4th (ch), P takes Kt; 3. Q to Kt 2nd (mate).

PROBLEM No. 3055.—By W. T. PIERCE

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN DENMARK.

Game played in Copenhagen between Messrs. A. C. ROSENDAHL and A. NIELSEN.
(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P takes B	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K R 3rd	Kt to K R 3rd	18. K to R sq	P to B 3rd
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	19. K to Kt sq	B to B 2nd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	20. Kt to K 2nd	Q to Q 4th
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	21. B to Kt 5th	Kt to R 4th
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. R to Kt 2nd	Q to K 3rd
7. Castles	B to K Kt 5th	23. P to Q 5th	Q to K sq
In this variation, B to K 2nd is better for Black.			
8. R to K sq	B to K 2nd	The Bishop, at B 2nd, would be lost if either P takes P or Q takes P.	
9. P to B 4th		24. P to Q 6th	B to Kt 3rd
There is nothing to be gained by B taking Kt, as the Q P will remain undefended.		25. B to K 7th	Q to Q 2nd
10. B to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	26. R to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd
11. P takes P	Kt takes P	27. B takes R	
12. Q Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	White now wins simply by force, and that is always good enough.	
13. Q R to B sq	Kt to B 3rd	28. P to B 4th	K takes B
14. P to Q R 3rd	B to Q R 4th	29. R to Q sq	B takes P
15. B to Kt sq	Kt to K 2nd	30. Q to K B 3rd	B to B 4th
16. Q to Q 3rd	B takes K Kt	31. B takes B	B takes B
White is in no way injured, but rather helped by this. It is obvious, however, that Black might have played instead B to B 4th with effect. White's proper 16th move was B to K Kt 5th.		32. P to B 5th	P takes P
		33. R takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
		34. R takes Kt	P takes R
		35. Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq
		36. Q takes B	Resigns.

CHESS IN HOLLAND.

Game played between Messrs. C. WESSELING and W. VAN KOOY.
(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	13. P to Q R 3rd	Q to K 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	14. Q R to B sq	P to B 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. Q to B 3rd	
4. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	Here White could play instead 15. R takes Kt; if P takes R, Q to R 5th (ch), with interesting variations.	
5. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 2nd	16. Kt to Q 6th	P to Q R 3rd
6. B takes B	B takes Kt	17. Kt takes P	P takes P
7. B to Q 3rd	P to Q B 4th	18. P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
A good move generally in this opening, but not in this position.		19. Q to B 5th	Q to B sq
8. Kt to Kt 5th		20. Castles	Q to Q 2nd
The correct reply. Now both Kt to B 7th (ch) and Kt to Q 6th are threatened. Black has already a very inferior game, difficult to defend.		21. B to Kt 6th	R to R sq
9. P to Q B 3rd	K to Q sq	22. K R to Q sq	K to Q 2nd
10. P takes P	P takes P	23. Q to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
11. Q to Q 2nd	Q to Kt 5th (ch)	24. Q to K B 3rd	P to Q R 4th
Quite the correct play. If now Q takes Q (ch), 12. K takes Q, and must win, because of the strength of White's force.		25. Kt to B 7th	Q to Q sq
12. K Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd	26. R takes P (ch)	R to B sq
			Resigns.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider column articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

DEFENCE v. EXPENSE.

BY HORACE WYNNDHAM.

It is useless to deny that the position of the Volunteer Force in England is an extremely precarious one just now. One or two corps have already been disbanded, and it is rumoured that a number of others are under the same sentence. Several commanding officers have resigned their appointments, and resignations on the part of the rank and file are being tendered in an almost wholesale fashion. "This is the case to a special degree with regard to Metropolitan battalions, practically every one of which will commence the New Year with a strength considerably below the establishment. Among the first to withdraw from the force was Colonel Eustace Balfour, of the London Scottish; while Colonel Wilde, of the Tower Hamlets, and Colonel Roche, of the 17th Middlesex, are reported to have expressed their intention of following suit at an early date. At least one hundred men are leaving the Victoria and St. George's Rifles this month, and equally large reductions are expected in other representative London corps. The prospect of recruits coming forward to take the place of these is problematical in the extreme, judging by the experience of the past twelve months. Here, for instance, are some statistics on the subject: the Queen's Westminsters are 231 men less than they were last year, the 21st Middlesex, 113; the 14th Middlesex, 101; the 17th Middlesex, 82; and the 3rd London Rifles, 63. In fact, out of all the Metropolitan Volunteer corps there is not a single one which has not suffered a reduction of strength since 1901.

In explanation of the regrettable state of affairs indicated in the foregoing, the newly introduced "efficiency regulations" are advanced. These, the Volunteers declare, are of such a nature that compliance with them is impossible. The War Office, on the other hand, maintain that they are necessary for the securing of the minimum of efficiency compatible with the heavy expense of keeping up the force at all. "Defence, not Expense," is what they aim at, and in this they are not unreasonable. The "Citizen Soldiers" cost a very large sum of money every year, and the military authorities naturally object to incurring this unless they see a reasonable prospect of getting an appreciable return for it. This, at any rate, is the view of Lord Roberts. Speaking on the subject at Liverpool the other day, the Commander-in-Chief delivered himself of the following pertinent pronouncement: "It is the business of the military authorities to make sure that they are not trusting the defence of the country to a force which, from want of professional training, might, if confronted with the highly trained and disciplined soldiers of an invading army, prove a broken reed on which to lean in the hour of our greatest danger."

To the general public (to whom the Volunteer is a popular hero and a sort of combination of all the military virtues imaginable, while the War Office is the personification of oppression and jealousy) it may come as a matter for surprise to learn the exact nature of the regulation which has been so bitterly denounced. It is merely that, instead of gaining all their professional knowledge from attendance at drill-halls and an occasional afternoon's exercise in Hyde Park, the men should spend one week every year in camp. On the face of it, this cannot fairly be regarded as an unduly exacting demand. Of course, there are difficulties in applying it, but these should be met in a spirit of loyalty and a determination to overcome them as far as possible. Exemption, too, is granted freely enough to such men as really find it impossible to attend the camp. Certain commanding officers, however, not satisfied with this concession, express themselves as being badly treated because the War Office will not sanction an "efficiency grant" for those who thus fail to make themselves "efficient." As it is, the qualification for the grant is a perfectly ridiculous one, and would be laughed at by any recruit with a month's service in a battalion of regulars. It amounts, indeed, to but the minimum degree of proficiency in drill and musketry that renders it worth while providing a man with a uniform.

The Volunteer Force has no better friend than the Commander-in-Chief. During his régime in Pall Mall much has been done by Lord Roberts to render the arm in question a really effective one. In its maintenance it absorbs an amount of public money that would suffice to add considerably to the strength of the Regular Army. It cannot, accordingly, be regarded as unreasonable if the military authorities object to giving a grant that has not been properly earned. The new school of Volunteers is quite in accord with this view; it is only the old one that professes to see in it a dark scheme for depriving the country of its one hope of safety in the hour of invasion. The holders of this gloomy opinion point out that the force existed very well without active supervision on the part of the War Office when they first joined, and argue that, because it did so then, it can do so now. They might as well urge a return to the other conditions prevailing before the institution of the capitation grant—namely, the provision of uniforms at the expense of the men themselves, and the arming of the corps with muzzle-loaders that had done service in the Peninsular Campaign.

The camp-attendance question is, of course, a serious one, and that there are great difficulties in fulfilling the War Office requirements in respect thereof is freely admitted. At the same time, these difficulties are by no means insuperable. The keen Volunteer, at any rate, manages to overcome them. In doing so, he experiences, no doubt, a certain amount of personal inconvenience (chiefly in the form of sacrificing his leisure), but the man who is not prepared to put up with this is not worth taking into very much consideration as a potential defender of his country. For all the members of any particular battalion to go into camp at the same time is almost impossible. The proper training of all the members, however, might be ensured by the provision of standing camps. These might be formed at the large military centres (such as Aldershot, Shorncliffe, and Salisbury) in May, and not be broken up until the end of September. At any time within this period that suits their convenience the men might be sent down in small detachments.



Photo. H. C. W. Blyth.

THE WRECK OF THE FISHING-BOAT "DEFENDER" AT LOWESTOFT ON NOVEMBER 4.



Photo. Yallop.

THE WRECK OF THE "MAGGIE WILLIAMS" AT GORLESTON ON NOVEMBER 4.

RECENT WRECKS ON THE EAST COAST.

The "Defender" struck the sea-wall about 100 yards off the beach, and, in spite of the efforts of the life-boat, six of the nine hands perished. The "Maggie Williams," from Dublin to Yarmouth with timber, mistook lights, and crashed into the Gorleston Pier. Her crew were saved.



THE DUEL BETWEEN THE MARQUIS DE DION, THE FAMOUS MOTORIST, AND M. GERAULT-RICHARD, THE SOCIALIST, AT NEUILLY ON NOVEMBER 4.

The two Deputies, who had a dispute in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies over the conversion to Roman Catholicism of M. Gaston Pollonais, met in the garden of a horse-dealer's establishment. The high reputation of both combatants as swordsmen drew a considerable gathering of privileged spectators. After ten brilliant assaults without result, M. Gerault-Richard was pricked in the sword arm, and the affair ended.



THE PRAIRIE NOW WAVING ON THE SITE OF THE PAVILION OF THE CITY OF PARIS.



THE STAIRCASE OF THE CHATEAU D'EAU.

"TWO YEARS AFTER": THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SITE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

A curious scene of desolation is now presented by some of the spots which were the busiest centres of the Paris Exhibition. The high waving grass gives to the Cour la Reine, where the pavilion of the City of Paris stood, the appearance of a prairie.

THE FORTHCOMING SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: CAMPAIGNING SCENES ON THE LINE OF OPERATIONS.



NATIVES AT ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

SOMALIS IN THE FIRING LINE.

WADAMAGOA CAMP.

THE BRITISH POST NOW WATCHED BY THE MULLAH'S SPIES: THE ZAREBA AT BOHOTLE.

SOMALI LEVIES AT DRILL.

THE FORT OF BOHOTLE IN PROGRESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

The garrison of 500 British troops, which withdrew to Bohotle after the recent disaster, has two field-guns and two Maxims, and occupies an entrenched stone fort. The Mullah, who has with him 2000 riflemen and 15,000 spearmen, has advanced his spies to within a few miles of the fort.

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MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS. NEWHALL ST BIRMINGHAM.

LADIES' PAGE.

Have any of my readers, I wonder, considered the songs that are taught our children at school? The robust, combative patriotism of "Hearts of Oak" and "Hurrah, hurrah for England!" which I used to hear so often when I visited Board schools, though it perhaps cultivates needlessly national pride and fighting tendencies, compares, I think, favourably with the pessimism and dreary philosophy that seem to prevail in the singing in upper-class schools. "Soon, ah! too soon, die the sounds of enjoyment; Spring passes fast into sad



AN OPERA MANTLE IN SABLE AND LACE.

winter time," and so on, I heard two bright and happy girls dolefully proclaiming the other day in the sweetest of young voices; it was their school song this year. Another ditty very frequently used in girls' high schools is, I am told, one of the Harrow songs. It is entitled "Forty Years On," and a bevy of young things who will in that space of time have reached somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age are trained to declare in daily song that at that age they will be worn-out, exhausted, and decrepit! "Forty years on we will try to remember All that was winsome and bright in our past; The sun that warmed May shall grant old December One ling'ring beam ere he dies on the blast"! The girls are made to declare in chorus that "in forty years' time" they'll be "weary and broken, and seeking God's rest," and the refrain is "working hard now with book and with pen, thus earning the right to rest then." If old Fletcher of Salton was right when he claimed that the songs of the people were the leading influence on their minds, surely all this premature declaration of decrepitude at fifty is downright pernicious!

Mr. Chamberlain's appearance at University College, and his statement that it was as nearly as possible just fifty years since he passed out of that school to begin active life, sets the seal of absurdity upon this pessimistic notion. Fifty years, not only forty years ago, Mr. Chamberlain was a schoolboy just leaving; and here he is now unquestionably bearing the greatest burden in the Empire upon his shoulders. Whether he is dealing wisely with it or not is, of course, a political question into which this page does not even remotely enter; the point is that, "fifty years onwards," he is found with vitality and strength unimpaired and activity phenomenal—far from a decrepit and done-for veteran whose only idea is seeking rest in the grave. Now, to this there is a moral. It is a great mistake to antedate old age in the imagination, believing oneself to be past all strenuous exertion and unfit for new enterprises at fifty or so; but probably that fancy, if received for fact, will bring about the state of the case in actual truth. We women especially have in past times suffered from a false notion instilled into us by shallow observers of the other sex, that our time is over before we have really reached anything like maturity. In any case, doubtless, something must be lost of the early freshness of colouring and ingenuousness of expression in the passage of time between the early teens and that maturity which may be represented by perhaps thirty-five years old. But so the rosebud has a beauty all its own just before it

commences to unfold, which is different from, but surely no more attractive than, the beauty of the rose when blown. Do we not often perceive that the most perfect moment of the blossom is just before it falls? It seems to me that as regards the looks of women this is true also of us. It is surely incorrect from the artistic point of view, and I am quite sure that it is false practically speaking, to represent even a woman's personal charms as extinguished soon after she leaves her teens.

Frenchmen, who are much more candid or much more accurate observers than Englishmen, recognise the folly of the assumption which English male novelists are so fond of making: that a woman of thirty is quite a *passée* individual. This preposterous idea is represented at the present moment in no fewer than three plays on the London stage. Mr. Barrie's "Quality Street" hinges entirely on that notion. How old is Mr. Thomas Hardy's heroine in "Two on a Tower" when she despairingly realises that she had better die, as being obviously too ancient to hope to be loved? I think a year or two over thirty only! These notions, so utterly in contradiction to the facts of life, are of interest only because by comparing them with what we can see around us, we can realise how much age is a matter of habits of thought and consequent practical management of life. Our Barries and our Hardys, with their women old and unbeautiful at thirty, are survivals in their ideas. A century ago, women at that age, with no openings in life outside marriage, habituated themselves to consider that they were old maids at thirty, with every chance in life ended; and if they were married they were expected to carry out the illusion by putting on caps, and dressing themselves in a so-called matronly—which meant dowdy and unattractive—fashion. Circumstances have now quite changed. Our beautiful Queen has taught us that a woman should and can continue to look lovely and attractive after she is a grandmother. Higher education and wider opportunities have shown us that a woman's person is not the be-all and end-all of her hopes in life. Social conditions, which have compelled the general postponement of marriage to a later period than was fashionable under older circumstances, allow the flower in its bloom to be valued at its full and to gain by comparison with the undeveloped charms of the bud. The way in which women have answered to this new social atmosphere, and now often remain full of youth, mental activity, and personal charm to really advanced life, is a most instructive lesson as to the value of ideas and the power of thought upon the physique.

There is, of course, another side to this question, and there are few things more tragic than to see an old woman, a genuine old woman, dressing herself up like a girl and behaving with that frivolity and light manner which are natural and therefore excusable and even attractive in young things, but simply awful in the elderly, to whom dignity should have arrived. Growing old gracefully is a real accomplishment, and it would be facilitated if the dressmakers and milliners would give a little more thought to the wants of really elderly women. For the last two or three years, for instance, it has been almost impossible to procure a bonnet that was at all smart. A few big and heavy patterns for old ladies of seventy have been forthcoming; but a smart capote, dainty in arrangement and agreeable in colouring, might have been sought for in vain in Regent Street or Bond Street. This season the woman between forty and sixty years is better off; she can find nowadays a good supply of pretty bonnets. These are more becoming to the generality of middle-aged women than either stringless toques or flyaway hats. For women who have lost some of the contour of the face, bonnet-strings are almost always becoming. The throat just under the chin is apt to be where the passage of the unrelenting years is first shown. White hair crowning the brow is often becoming; but the too frequent alternative in middle life for the lower part of the face—either a heavy double chin or a shrivelled look of the skin—is certainly not beautiful. Whether the defect that comes on is caused by the undue increase or the deficiency of adipose tissue, the outline is softened and the lost delicacy of the complexion redeemed, nearly always to the wearer's advantage, by bonnet-strings, lace or velvet according to the season of the year.

Our ideas of beauty must be very conventional, or it would be realised that so far from the dress which shows the natural shape being ugly and unbecoming to women's figures, it is really perfectly charming. This enthusiasm is born in my mind by seeing the costumes in Mr. Barrie's delightful new play, "The Admirable Crichton," at the Duke of York's. The island dresses are in outline of the type familiar on the stage on Rosalind; the dainty colouring is Mr. Bernard Partridge's own; and while the dresses are made in patches and strips, with big coarse stitches visible all over them, and dried grasses or roughly dressed skins for sole trimming, it is all so artistically combined as to add to the total effect. When Miss Irene Vanbrugh, carrying her long bow and quiver, leaps in from the window, dressed in brown sackcloth knickers, a coarse woollen grey tunic edged with rabbit-skin, and a red scarf and tie, she looks like Diana, and the grace and freedom of her every movement are delightful to watch. Another of these dresses, a combination of sage and moss greens, with a relief from touches of salmon colour and tan high leggings, is also quite beautiful.

Then here are some of the up-to-date costumes in which the same ladies appear in the town-house of their father, the Earl of Loam. Miss Vanbrugh wears an afternoon-dress completely of Irish lace; it is trimmed with two shades of green satin, folds of which are threaded through the lace round the bust and down the front, and fall below the waist in sash ends. Then her evening dress in the last act is superb. It is yellow chiffon in shades ranging from almost white at the shoulders to a very deep orange in the lining frou-frou

of chiffon round the feet, her satin shoes being of even a deeper shade of orange-red. The foundation of the gown is a pale yellow silk; round the décolletage there is a puffing of the palest yellow chiffon, held in place by a broad band of sparkling silver embroidery, which forms the greater part of the rest of the bodice, leaving room, however, for a front decoration of a shamrock shape appliqué of a darker yellow silk. Below the waist comes a yoke of a deeper tone of chiffon, a golden yellow, and then there is a yet darker-toned flounce passing into a long train of amber chiffon; it is all betrimmed with medallions of chiffon ruching, held in place by several large diamond buckles. There is just one touch of black in this sunset-like harmony in gold and amber; long strands of black chenille ending in silver tassels fall from the elbow: truly a gown to go and see. Then Miss Carlisle appears in a capital afternoon dress of pink and white striped silk, made with a deep flounce from about the knee of the same material, put on with a gathered heading of itself; a fichu and full sleeves of white and pink chiffon, over a bodice of the striped pink and white. The little sister in her teens, Miss Beaumont, is all in pale blue, so that the two girls make a Pompadour combination when they go to sleep on one sofa, bored and wearied to death by an afternoon reception for the whole domestic establishment, from the butler to the "tweenie," which it is Lord Loam's whim to have held once a month. In the last act Miss Carlisle again is in pink; her dress is of crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed straight down the front with motifs in pink cord and silver tassels. Over her full chiffon sleeves and transparent pleated yoke are placed motifs of white lace.

Let me direct attention to the simple splendour of that evening mantle illustrated. It is in sable, trimmed with a broad band and collar of guipure lace. The walking costume is a design in grey spotted white zibeline cloth, trimmed on both coat and skirt with bands of braid having a fancy cord edge. Ornaments and tassels in cord finish it down the front. The hat is of felt, with an ostrich feather held by buckles.

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An offer which there is little doubt will be largely taken advantage of during the approaching Christmas season is that of Messrs. Alfred Bird and Sons, Limited, Devonshire Works, Birmingham, who will send gratis and post free a valuable and reliable recipe for making the richest old English plum-puddings. This is the recipe of a famous old chef whose plum-puddings were the envy of his confrères, and were held in the highest admiration at some of the leading City of London dinners.

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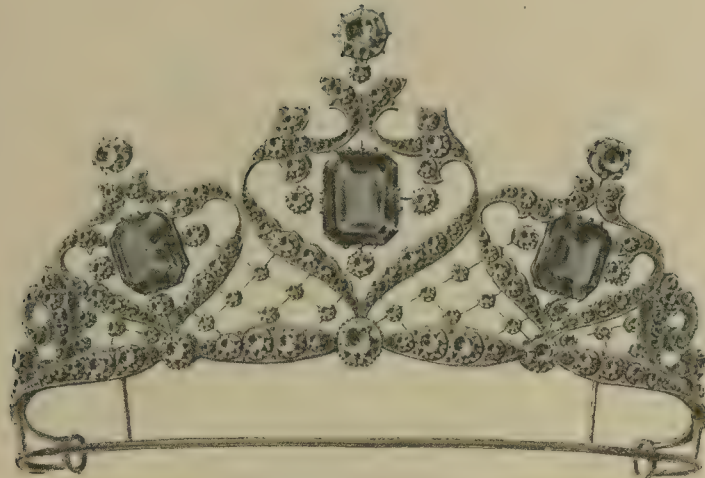
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London will spend the winter at his house in St. James's Square, with occasional visits to Fulham Palace, where he will pass the Christmas holidays. Dr. Ingram is to preach in the University Church at Oxford on Sunday, at the special evening service for undergraduates.

The Bishop of Peterborough has returned to the palace in his cathedral city, and is making steady progress towards recovery. In a letter to the clergy of his diocese he refers to the deep debt of gratitude which he owes to Bishop Mitchinson, who has relieved him of so many duties during his illness. The Bishop will not enter upon the discharge of his full work and responsibilities at present, as his doctors wish him to attend only to the most necessary business. It is probable that during the winter he will be a semi-invalid.

Professor Beeching is on duty as Canon-in-Residence at Westminster Abbey during November, and is preaching on Sunday afternoons. Very large congregations have attended to hear him.

The Vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington, the Rev. John Darlington, has presented to the church a peal of deep-toned bells, in memory of his mother, the late Mrs. Darlington, of Streatham. The Rural Dean, Canon Allen Edwards, took part in the dedication of the bells, and referred in touching language to the example of unobtrusive piety and Christian influence shown in the life of the late Mrs. Darlington. The Vicar's father, the late Mr. John Darlington, was, it may be remembered, an eminent civil and mining engineer.

The Rev. Cresswell Strange, who has been appointed to the vacant canonry of Worcester, is the eldest son of the late W. A. Strange, D.D., who was for twenty-eight

years Head Master of Addington College. Canon Strange was formerly Vicar of Holy Trinity, Southampton, a poor and populous district, in which his energy and organising ability were much appreciated. After labouring for thirteen years in Southampton, his health broke down, and he found it necessary to remove to a less onerous charge.

growing suburb of Plumstead. In 1894 the Bishop of Rochester sent the Rev. A. V. Baillie, now Rector of Rugby, to work the new district of St. Mark's, and a building was begun, of which the Duchess of Albany laid the foundation-stone. The present Vicar of Plumstead is Canon Leeke, an able preacher and organiser.

St. Mark's Church stands near Plumstead Common in a large working-class neighbourhood. The total cost has been over £6000. On the 23rd Sunday after Trinity the Bishop of Rochester consecrated the building, his audience including the Mayor of Woolwich and several Aldermen and councillors.

The Bishop of Southampton is steadily improving in health, and hopes to return to his duties in the diocese of Winchester at the end of November.

Church people at Muswell Hill are already preparing for the great bazaar in aid of the building fund of St. James's parish church, which is to be held in June of next year. This will be the second bazaar organised for the same purpose, and it is hoped to raise at least £2000. V.

A series of tours to the South of France and Italy at exceptionally low fares has been arranged for the present season by the L.B. and S.C. Railway, via the Newhaven and Dieppe route. These tours cover the entire French and Italian Riviera and the Italian cities as far as Naples. By a ticket £10 first class and £7 7s. second class, it is now possible to visit the whole Riviera coast between Cete and Genoa, including Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Beaulieu, Monte Carlo, San Remo, etc. The return journey is made from Genoa, but an extension of the tour to Rome, Florence, or Venice can be arranged, if required, at small additional cost, with return either via Mont Cenis or St. Gothard (Italian Lakes) route.



THE RECENT GREAT FIRE AT A STOCKPORT COTTON MILL: VIEW OF THE RUINS LOOKING EAST.

The premises of the Vernon Cotton Spinning Company were destroyed by fire on the afternoon of November 5. Hundreds of workpeople were engaged in the factory at the time, and some twenty-five of these were injured and nine persons died. The rescue work was carried out with great gallantry amid scenes of considerable excitement. The damage is estimated at £60,000.

He came to Edgbaston in January 1885, and in his time the fabric of the church has been restored and enlarged, at a cost of about £10,000. Canon Strange has just completed his sixtieth year.

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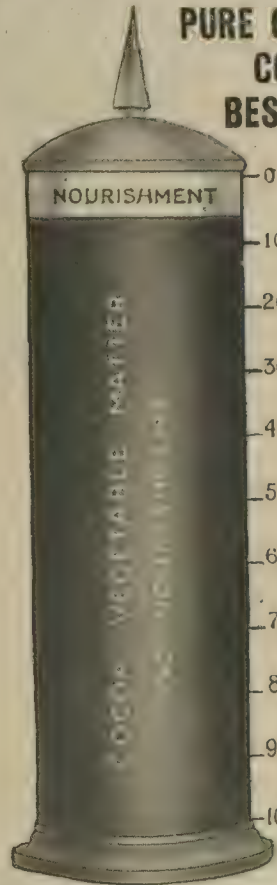
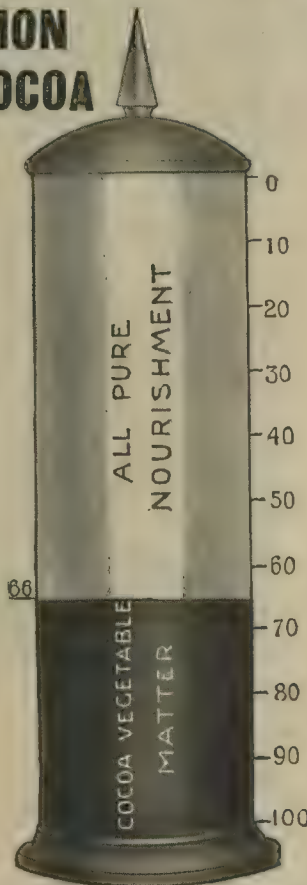
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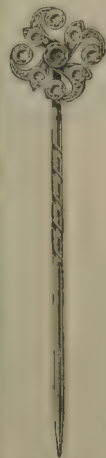
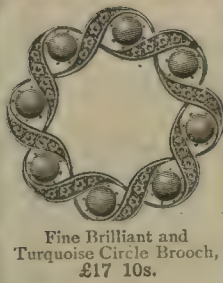
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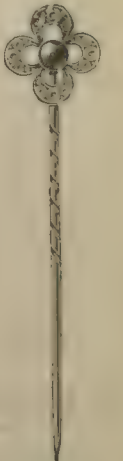
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1899), with a codicil (dated April 22, 1902), of Mr. James Innes, of 4, Audley Square, and Roffey Park, Horsham, who died on Aug. 19, was proved on Oct. 31 by Captain James Archibald Innes and William Ernest Reid Innes, the sons, and Edward Holbrook, the executors, the value of the estate being £425,401. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his executors; and £3000, and during her widowhood the income from all his property, to his wife, or, should she again marry, an annuity of £600. Subject thereto, he settles the Roffey Park estate and £50,000 on his son James Archibald; and he gives £50,000 to his said son James; £24,000 each, in trust, for his sons John Alfred and George Hugh; and £39,000, in trust, for his daughters. Mr. Innes also gives 26,000 shares in the Merton Park Estate Company to his son William Ernest Reid; 5000 shares between his sons John Alfred and George Hugh; and 10,000 shares, in trust, for his daughters. His residuary estate is to be equally divided between his children.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1898) of Mr. Eustace Smith, of Benton House, Longbenton, Northumberland, shipowner, who died on June 14 at 22, Dover Street, Piccadilly, has been proved by Mrs. Ellen Gertrude Smith, the widow, the value of the estate amounting to £207,329. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1889), with four codicils (dated Aug. 15, 1890, Feb. 23, 1896, Feb. 14, 1898, and April 12, 1901), of Mr. George Rae, of Redcourt, Devonshire Place, Birkenhead, late Chairman of the North and South Wales Bank, who died on Aug. 4, has been proved by George Bentham Rae and Edward Rae, the sons, and Alexander Reid Potter, the executors, the value of the estate being £194,365. The testator



A MESS CENTREPIECE.

The illustration here reproduced shows the magnificent sterling silver centre-piece which has been modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., for the officers' mess of the 6th Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers. The centre-piece, which is intended as a memento of the South African War, shows a typical blockhouse flanked by figures of privates in home and active service dress.

bequeaths £250 to the Artists' Benevolent Fund; £100 each to the Newspaper Press Fund, the National Life-Boat Institution, the Church Aid Society, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £200 to the Birkenhead Borough Hospital; £100 each to the Wirral Children's Hospital, the Birkenhead Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Wirral Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the West Kirby Children's Convalescent Home; £250 to the North and South Wales Bank Officers' Mutual Benefit Society; £100 each to the Royal Infirmary, the Northern Hospital, the Southern Hospital, the Shipwreck and Humane Society, the Seamen's Orphan Institution, the Home for Aged Mariners, the Stanley Hospital, the Sailors' Home, the training-ship *Indefatigable* for the sons and orphans of sailors, the School for the Indigent Blind, the Adult Deaf and Dumb Benevolent Society, the Bluecoat Hospital, the Infirmary for Children, and the Midnight Mission, all of Liverpool. Mr. Rae further bequeaths an annuity of £4250, or of £2750 should she cease to reside at Redcourt, to his wife, Mrs. Julia Rae; £500 per annum to his daughter Alice during the life of her mother, and afterwards a sum of £5000 is to be held in trust for her; £1000 each to his daughters-in-law, Mary Victorine Rae and Margaret Rae; and legacies to executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 26, 1901) of Mr. Edward Berkeley Napier, of Pennard House, East Pennard, Somerset, who died on June 22, was proved on Nov. 3 by Mrs. Emily Houlton Napier, the widow, and Gerald Berkeley Napier and Arundel Berkeley Napier, the sons, the value of the estate being £80,107. The testator gives £700, and his horses, carriages, and wines, to his wife; £150 to his butler, John Webley; and the residue of his personal estate to his son Gerald. All his real estate he

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devises to his son Gerald, but charged with the payment of £1100 per annum to Mrs. Napier, of £10,000 to his son Arundel, and on the decease of his wife an annuity of £250 to his daughter Effie Letitia while a spinster. On his son Gerald succeeding to the Fairleigh estate, on the decease of Sir Victor Houlton, he further charges the said estates with the payment of £5000 to his son Arundel, and of £2000 for his daughter Effie Letitia.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1889) of Mr. Joseph Phillips, of Stamford, Lincoln, and St. Martins, Stamford Baron, Northampton, solicitor and brewer, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Oct. 31 by John Henry Joseph Phillips and Charles Percy Phillips, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £87,186. The testator gave and devised all his estate and effects to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Phillips, for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1876) of Mr. George Alfred Gadsden, of Fairleigh, Essex, and of 28, Bedford Row, solicitor, who died on Sept. 17, was proved on Nov. 1 by Mrs. Adelaide Martha Gadsden, the widow, and Henry W. Trinder, the executors, the value of the estate being £60,213. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will, with a codicil (both dated March 13, 1896),

of Sir Robert Henry Davies, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. of Chobham, Surrey, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Nov. 4 by Herbert Haynes Twining and John Morgan Davies, the executors, the value of the estate being £45,980. The testator gives his property in Carmarthen and £3000 to his son Henry Samuel Price Davies; £300 to his daughter Katherine Mary; £1200, in trust, for his daughters Katherine Mary and Helen Jane, and the portions of his said two daughters and of his other daughter, Mrs. Annie Letitia Tucker, are with what they receive from other sources to be made up to £10,000 each; £100 each to his executors; and a few small annuities. The residue of his property he leaves to his four children.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1902) of Mr. Peter Brotherhood, of 15, Hyde Park Gardens, and Belvedere Road, Lambeth, mechanical engineer, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Oct. 30 by Mrs. Eliza Pinniger Brotherhood, the widow, Stanley Brotherhood, the son, and Arthur Mainley Cope, the executors, the value of the estate being £39,223. The testator bequeaths £10,000 each to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughters Mary Alice Crawley and Edith Katherine Rudd; and £50 to his coachman, Henry Evans. The goodwill of his business, with the capital, plant, etc., and

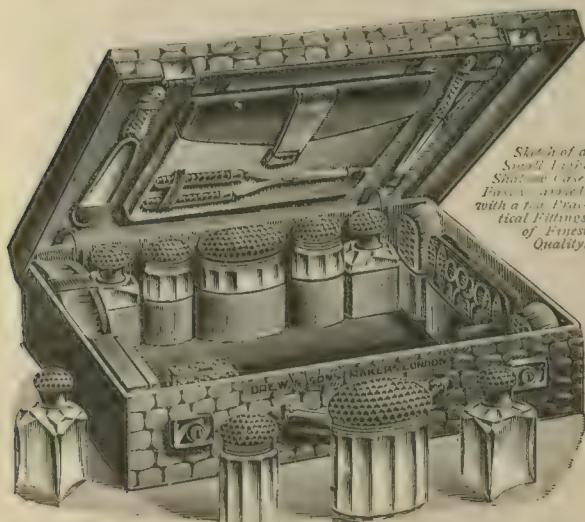
the residue of his property he leaves to his son Stanley, he paying £5000 per annum to Mrs. Brotherhood, £125 per annum to his sister Maud Brotherhood, £300 per annum to Henrietta Hunt, and £500 per annum to Alice, the wife of Sir Frederick Seager Hunt. On the death of his wife, the income of each of his daughters, with what she will receive from her marriage settlement, is to be made up to £1000 per annum, or should the profits of his business exceed £7000 per annum, they are each to receive one fourth thereof.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1895) of the Right Hon. Walter John, fourth Earl of Chichester, of Stanmer, Sussex, who died on May 28, has been proved by Elizabeth Mary, Countess of Chichester, the widow, and the Rev. Francis Godolphin, fifth Earl of Chichester, the brother, the value of the estate being £14,562. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

We understand that the well-known whisky distillers, John Jameson and Son, Limited, of Bow Street Distillery, Dublin, will shortly issue half a million first mortgage four per cent. debenture stock. The sole reason for this step is stated to be a rearrangement of family affairs, consequent on the death of a member of the firm.

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ART NOTES.

Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A., is understood to have done violence to his modesty in consenting to have a separate exhibition of his work, with the usual sending out of cards and the parade of advertisements. Certainly everyone will be grateful to the Goupil Gallery in Waterloo Place for bringing together these oils and pastels of an artist who ranks as a British master. The pastel work will perhaps be unfamiliar to many; but it is in no way inferior to the oil, having the same distinction as that which belongs to the canvases that delighted us at Burlington House, a combination of rusticity with dignity, virility with sweetness, strength with beauty. "Dusk" and "Harvest Moon," "White Frost," "Bare Fields," and our old friend, "The Ploughboy"—the names are tell-tale. Best of all, perhaps, are "A Sheepfold" and "Lifting a Sack." Depth and freshness are to be found in the drawing of "The Little Pond" and "Winter Hedgerow." The clear darkness, not rich, yet not without tenderness of

the lights and effects of landscape in English cold weather, are rendered by Mr. Clausen with particular fidelity; and the right medium—there, at any rate—is pastel rather than oil-colour.

Rather cold, indeed, the colour on the canvases seems to be in comparison with that of the pastels; also rather abrupt. But the best of these works reach a very high excellence. There is "The Barn," a new version of a subject before treated by Mr. Clausen—a picture of lights, reflections, secondary lights, and the shadows of reflections, all seen in an interior, with the delicate silver and gold tinted cereals all strewn about. Nothing of its class could well be more beautiful; and another masterpiece is "The Bird's Nest," notable for the exquisitely drawn face of a child, with just a hint of Hogarth's "Shrimp-Girl" about it—the whole a woodland idyl. Mr. Clausen, like Mr. La Thangue, has restored the duck and the hen and the goose to modern art; and in "The Little Orchard" we get a variegated picture, wherein grass, patches of

flowers, and dots of ducks are all harmonised in daylight and vivid in the live air.

The New English Art Club suffers the nominal fate of all things which call themselves "new." The exhibition now open at the Dudley Gallery is the twenty-ninth it has held. The young artists who began the club must feel the passage of time, and even the excellent and original spirit associated with their first performances now fails to rouse quite the first interest in the spectator, who can see pretty well in what way the New English Artist will shape his career. No sauce of novelty is needed, however, to make a capital feast for the eye among the water-colours and oils now gathered together to the number of a hundred and fifty. Mr. H. B. Brabazon gives us in "Philaë" one of his lightly touched water-colours, notable for a certain slender beauty and for their gentle skies. In "A Moorland" Mr. P. Wilson Steer surprises us, as ever, with the vigour of his view and method; no laggard follower, he, of the Masters—Constable and the rest—under whose banner he

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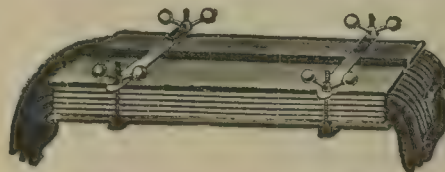
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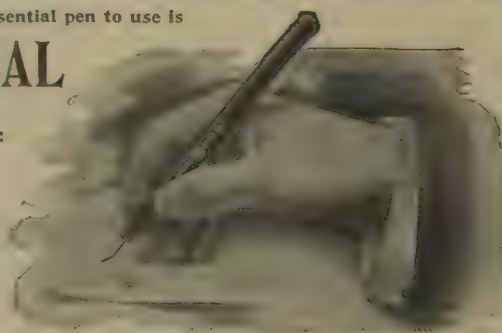
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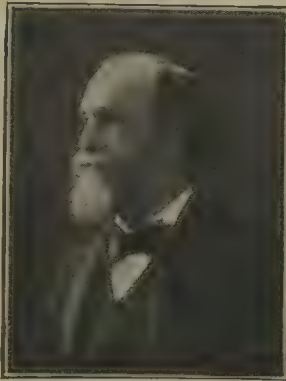
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In the "Study of a Man Recumbent," Mr. Orpen, the strongest draughtsman among our younger painters, gives us a brilliant study which is realistic, but with the realism that is seen by a refined eye. A companion picture, "The Rebel," adds to the expected qualities of technique a dramatic action that is finely rendered. The same artist's "Study of Myself" is a freakish *tour-de-force*, and his "Chess Players," while showing passages of beauty and power, fails, especially in the posing of the figures, to justify itself. One other thing should be said of two of these pictures—that in the hanging of them the committee of the New English have shown an ingenuity of perversity which the old hands at Burlington House could hardly hope to outdo.

Mr. Roger Fry's attractive "Valley of the Apennines" suffers from the bright light on the frame, which puts out of tone the lighting of the picture; and the same hint should be taken by Mr. Mark Fisher in regard to his "Summer-time," with its intense reality of shadows on the back of one of the bathing boys. Mr. Condor has less than usual of Mr. Condor's blue in his "River Scene on the Ept"—a loss, as we regard it. Here, too, is less of his silkiness of paint than usual. He exhibits also "Under the Cliff," "The Solitary Shore," and "Shingle Cove," the two last-named pieces remarkable for the exquisite stillness of the sea. Mr. Condor, by the way, has suffered also at the hands of the hangers. Mr. A. E. John, in his "Merikli," places the figure on the canvas with consummate skill, and all his lights—on forehead, face, and hands—are composed with a rare completeness. Mr. John, we think, opens his eyes too wide to the outlines and boundaries of things; hence

a certain hardness, or at least a certain less than pleasant precision.

At Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery in King Street are to be seen some works by early British masters—that is to say, early in the sense which can be used only of art in Britain. We have two slight Sir Joshuas, a Romney, various examples of Richard Wilson's landscapes—some of them beautiful—and a Constable, remarkable for its lighting, rather than for its form or colour, "Wheley Church, Essex"—red roofs and sunshine.

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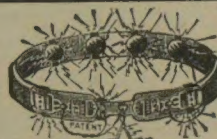
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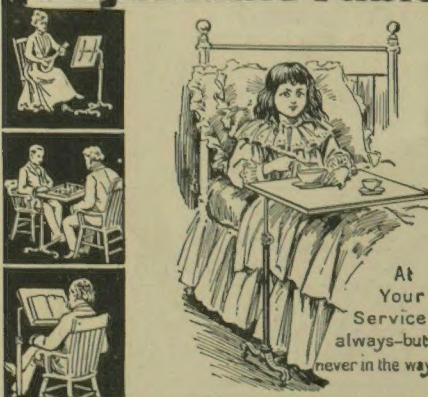
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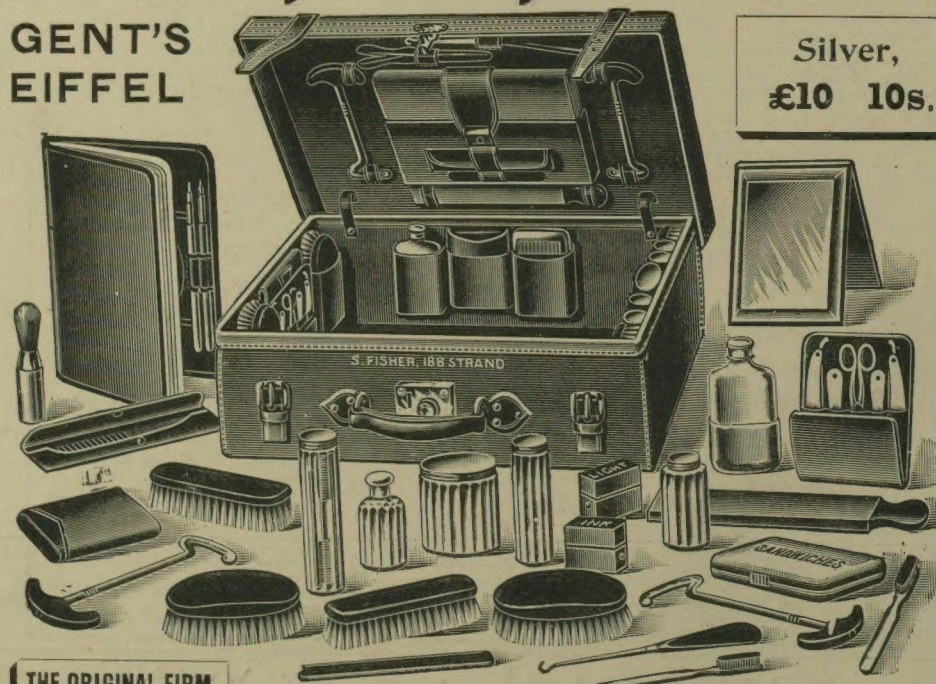
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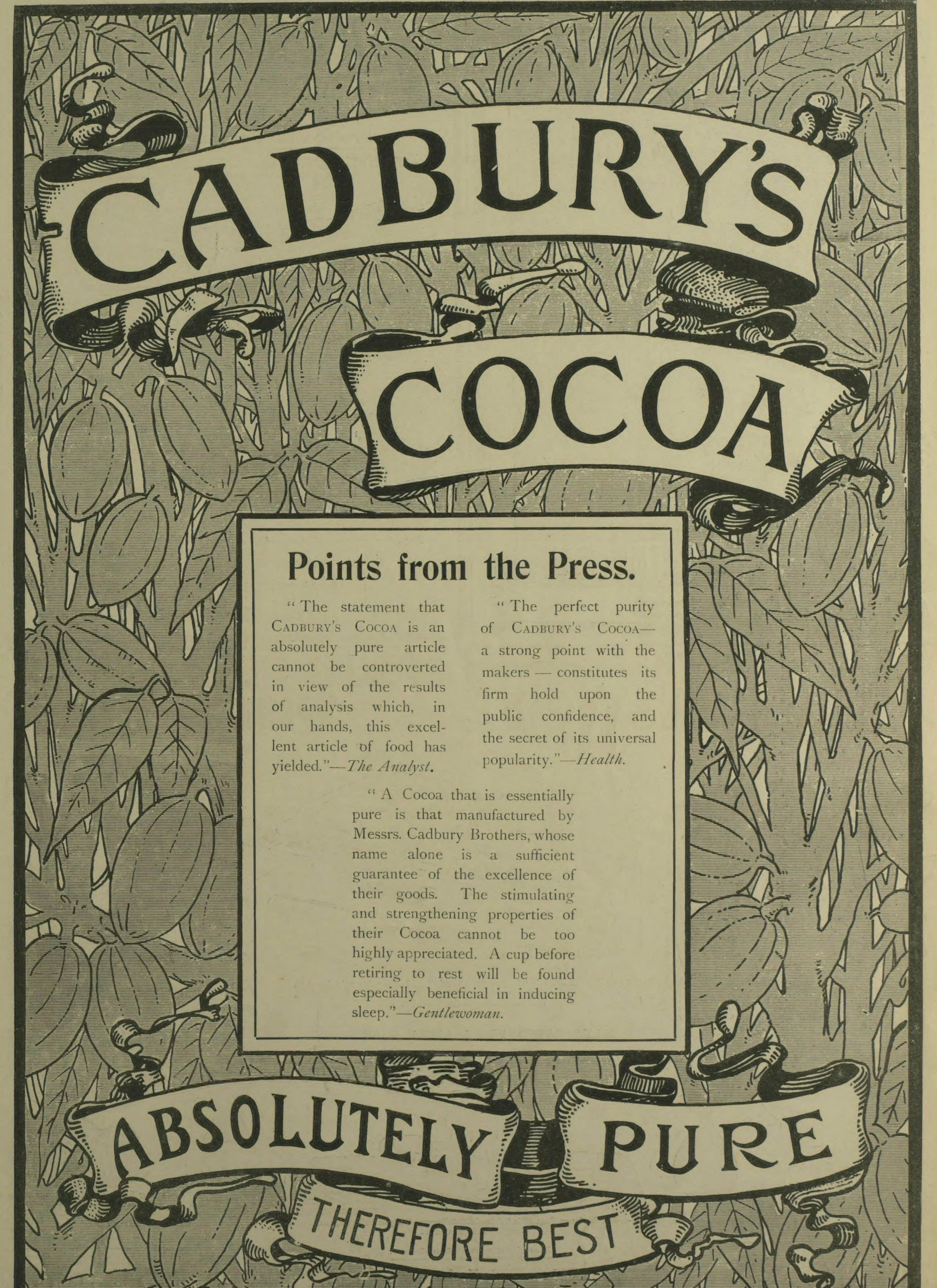
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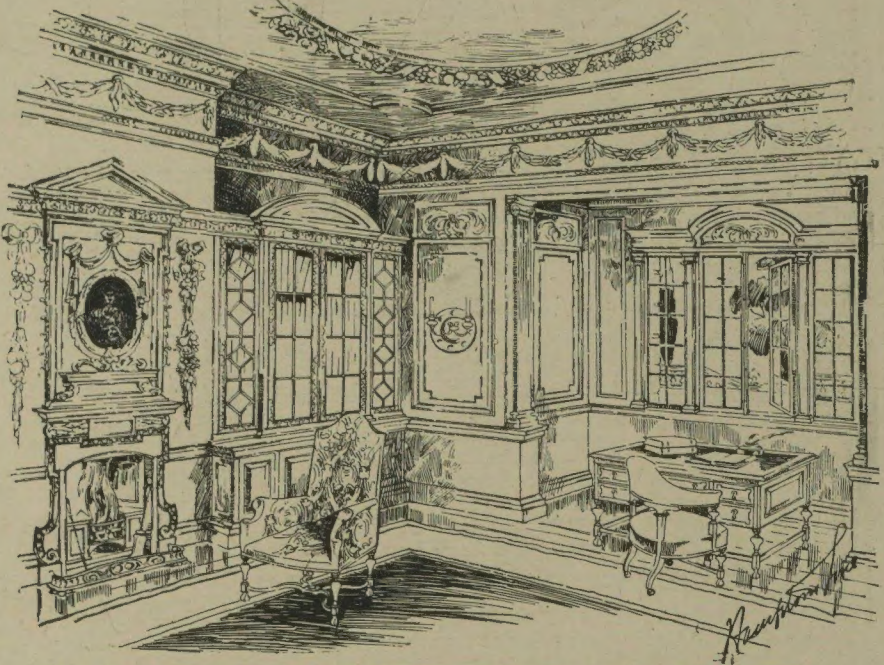
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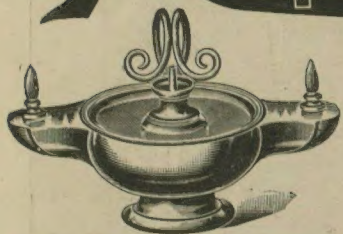
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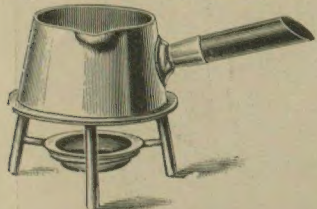
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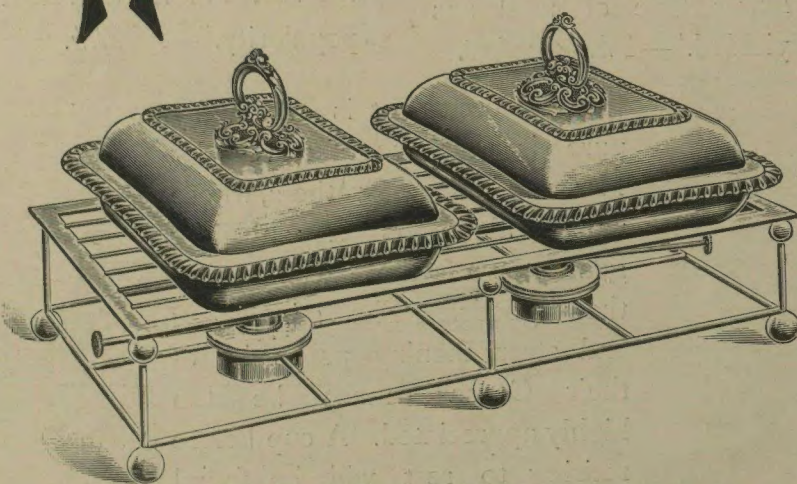
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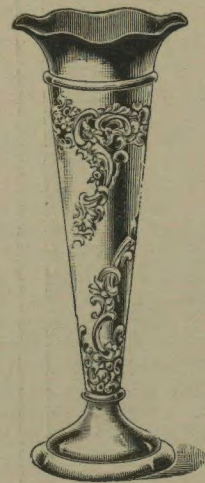
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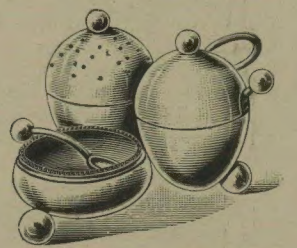
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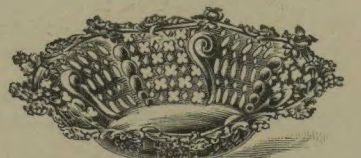
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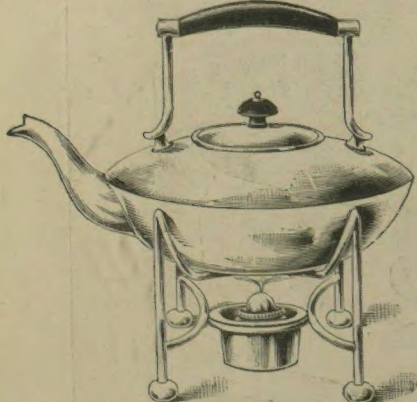
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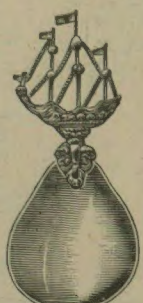
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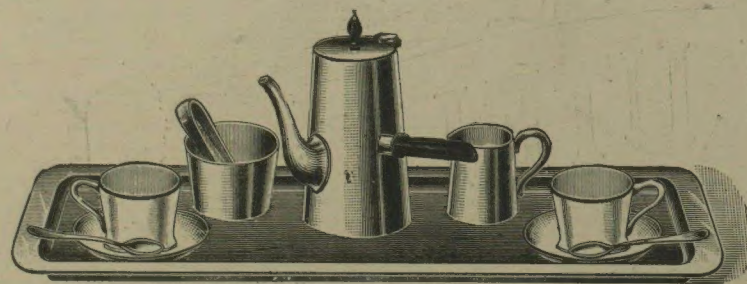
Sterling Silver Sweetmeat Dish, 6 in. diameter, £1 16s. "Prince's Plate," 18s.



Kettle complete with Spirit Lamp & Stand, Ebony Handle and Knob. "Prince's Plate." Sterling Silver. 1 1/2 pints... £3 15 0 ... £11 10 0 2 " " " 4 5 0 ... 12 10 0 2 1/2 " " " 4 15 0 ... 14 10 0



Sterling Silver Sweetmeat Server, 18s.



Café-au-lait Service on Tray, all in "Prince's Plate" except Coalport China Cups and Saucers. Complete, as illustrated, £4 10s.



Plain Silver Pepper Grinder. Small... £1 10 0 Large... 1 18 0 "Prince's Plate," 18s.



Sterling Silver Fluted Bowl, for Flowers, Fruit, Punch, &c. 8 1/2 in. diameter... £7 15 0 7 1/2 " " " 5 15 0 5 1/2 " " " 3 5 0 Ebonized Plinth included.

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